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## Selections.

### THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE.

BY REV. S. H. TYNG, D.D.

[On the recent National Fast-day, the Rev. S. H. TYNG, D.D., Rector of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church in this city, preached a Sermon, so full of the true spirit of Christian Patriotism and Liberty, and so finely responsive to the demands of the occasion, that we cannot forbear giving our readers the benefit of extracts therefrom. The text was Isaiah xxvi., 2: "Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in."]

THERE is a gate which opens to us the animating prospect of victory and peace—one single way of Divine permission through which we may pass to security and quietness beyond. Across every other path a fence of impassable restriction has been stretched by the hand of God. Over that fence we may not safely break, and through it we in vain shall try to force our passage. The attractive and all-compensating prospect which lies beyond that fence and through that gate, is the restoration of our nation in its one government and in the integrity of its territory, the establishment of a people united, homogeneous, and free, the renewing of our immense patrimony for the arts of peace and the prosperous achievements of honored and protected labor, the inauguration of a nation whose love of liberty and order has been tested by the sacrifices which it has freely made for their preservation and defence, and whose pacific and liberating influence, thus tested and displayed, will be felt through all the earth. Beyond that gate there dwells a generation in coming time, whose glory will not be in violent rebellion against just authority, and whose delight will not be in war; to whom oppression of the poor will not be the joy of their heart, nor unholy gain, though great, the boast of their attainment. The peaceful and prosperous arts of human civilization are there. The cultivation of a continent at rest is there. The gathering of a vast, industrious and thriving people is there. Education, social justice, true religion, human happiness are there. Such a social and public state as earth saw never, and Heaven stoops down to see. There man will be honored for himself, and all the gains of righteous toil for man be laid open in the path of all. And neither caste nor color, neither national derivation nor low extraction, neither poverty in birth nor ignorance in a forced and laboring youth, shall stretch its fence across the path to respectability, acknowledgment, and honor of any citizen of the favored land. That rail-splitters and tailors rise to eminence; that poor and wandering boys from an orphan-house soar up to high offices, usefulness, and renown; that the children of men unknown honor and occupy the rich places of the earth, shall there awaken no surprise, shall startle no human pride as a monstrous anomaly, nor arouse the derision and scorn of the degraded and envious, as a dishonor to the people whose history these marks distinguish. There the hateful oppressions and oligarchies of an old world will have died out, buried in a bloody grave; and the whole land, like the postdiluvian virgin earth, will emerge from its apparent and avowed destruction, only in a sweeter beauty, for a more hopeful youth and a grander destiny than it had ever before imagined, or than any nation has seen on earth besides.

This, to me, is no dream of fancy, but the language of predictive fact. Thus I see the view extending and established beyond that gate at which we stand, worth everything it has cost, hiding in its accumulating blessings the remembrance of its price but as the call for gratitude; pouring a radiance of honor around the men, who, in the various portions of the transforming administration which has carried the nation through the storm to its peaceful result, have patiently fulfilled their noble work; and heaping everlasting disgrace upon the memory of those who have opposed, reviled, distrusted, undermined, and tried in every way to defeat and destroy the chosen, faithful, unrelaxing servants of God and friends of man in this reforming generation. The monied cost of all this gain a few years of peaceful labor will obliterate forever, and will become an investment of incalculable wealth thereafter. Its cost in life will be a memorial of honor, a record of renown, which will fill the land with applauding monuments, the nation's heart with abiding thankfulness, and the page of history with an undying record of human greatness and glory.

This is the view I see extended there. No other view have I seen than this in the nation's prospect, from the beginning of this exalted contest for its very life; and therefore never have I flinched from all that I could do, in word and influence, to sustain this glorious struggle in its darkest hour, and from the very commencement of its warfare for human hopes.

But this gate to peaceful issues still stands closed. Still the unbroken fence of repelling Providence forbids our path. Three years of hopeful but anxious war have passed away. Immense tracts of territory have been recovered from the grasp of treason. Vast areas of freed population have been rescued from the oppressor's yoke, and whether white or black, have been welcomed under the parental guardianship of the nation and government from which traitors would have violently forced them. Every conceivable impediment to the success of a righteous cause has been heaped, by hostile and treasonable men, in the path of the administration which has thus represented the nation's majesty and the authority of the people. The unprepared condition of long peaceful confidence began the history. The secret preparation of a previous traitorous administration followed this. The gradual, silent, but effective planning and maturing of a rebellion—so unreasonable that it was not suspected, so unprovoked that it was deemed impossible, so thieving, arbitrary, poisonous, and cruel, that men doubted whether their fellow-men could ever perpetrate it—continued the scheme. The long-planned provisions for its final design, in the plundering of the public treasury and removing of the nation's arms and means of defence, furnished the ability. The arousing of foreign delight, and the arraying of the foreign scorn and hatred so natural against republican difficulties and over a free people's sorrows, encouraged the wicked design. The unlimited foreign countenance given to rebellion, and the faithless agents and commanders often arrayed against its assaults at home, and vainly trusted by the nation whom they have professed to serve, united in this cheerful aid. All these difficulties, far more than I have time to mention, have been accumulated, surmounted, passed over, and defeated in this glorious struggle. A patriotism, which has refused no demand for force or wealth of wisdom, which has shrunk from no expenditure or suffering, though always reviled and unceasingly taunted and abused, has been constantly called forth, and has as constantly responded. Glorious has been the exhibition of the nation in the elevation of the general public sentiment, in the outpouring of means of defence, in the calm and lenient wisdom of the Executive, in the invincible tenacity of the armies and navy, both in the persons of leaders of the highest honor and skill, and in the intelligent determination of a soldiery, whom traitors at home and foreign agents of oppression have vainly affected to despise. Upon the past three years I look with daily wonder at what has been achieved; and whatever treason may start forth, whatever faction may arise, and under whatever names of parties or persons hostility and abuse may come abroad, no man shall silence me from declaring that my highest confidence has been, and is still, given to the faithful administration under which our nation is moving on to its hour of victory, and to which, to my mind, its highest welfare and honor have been most safely and satisfactorily entrusted.

It shall never be a part of my consciousness, nor of the record against me, that I have united, consorted with, countenanced, encouraged, or palliated or excused the agents, instruments, or heralds of hostility or vituperation against a government of my country, carrying such a load, enduring such responsibility, and so honestly and effectively maintaining the honor and protecting the life of the nation, in this severest trial through which any people were ever called to pass. From my soul I honor and trust the exalted man who, in the Divine providence, stands at the head of our administration as preëminently wise, disinterested, honest and faithful; and no men, nor papers, nor parties shall delude me into the feeling of distrust, or provoke me to an act of desertion, or draw from me, or persuade me to listen to, the language of reproach and detraction.

But still the fence stands stretched across our path, and the gate of Divine providence and permission which shall open for us to peace and victory stands securely closed. The interval of experience it is vain to predict. Perhaps darker, heavier trials than we have yet seen may be gathering in our way. More oppressive and complicated difficulties than all the present may be standing in array before us. The altar of the nation's life may call for holocausts of sacrifice far more numerous; the offerings of human wealth may be demanded, far more abounding and more oppressive to bear. Families may sigh in anguish, and industry and thrift may groan beneath the burden of expenditure. Selfish hostility and ambition may seize the occasion for new and more violent political aggression. A suddenly-excited and deceived people may be induced, in the paroxysm of the turmoil and distress, to overthrow the whole administration of government, and exalt some untried military adventurer, or some plausible and promising scheming civilian to the chariot of supreme authority. New clouds may gather, and new tempests may arise. All this may be before that gate shall open, and men's hearts may fail for fear, and in looking for the things which seem to be coming on the earth. It may be so; but the gate is there, and there is no other gate to the glory which shines beyond. At that gate how many stand in the attitude of earnest, intense desire, uniting in the unceasing cry, "Open ye the gates." Who does not unite in this earnest cry for peace on earth; for victory to a nation's arms; for substantial security for the nation's authority and life?

From myriads of churches, and families, and closets the prayer daily ascends to God, "Oh! Lord, open thou the gates." "Scatter the people who delight in war." "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" And the language of our text becomes the utterance of a nation's prayer, and the one subject of a nation's life and desire. To lead to this is doubtless one great purpose of the ruling providence of God. That gate will open when a people learn and feel that God ruleth in the earth; when they remember that the warfare is his, and the limiting and ending it is in his hands alone; when they feel and acknowledge that the Most High ruleth in the kingdoms of men, and putteth down one, and setteth up another, according to his will.

It is a righteous nation which is to enter there. A righteous nation is a justified and accepted nation—a nation upon whose cause, and stand, and course of principle and action God is pleased to look with favor and approbation. It takes a right stand. It adopts a right principle. It adheres to a right theory; and it follows out this principle and theory with unshrinking tenacity. The ground on which it stands is *truth*, and its unchanging course of action is to keep that truth. . . That our nation may be, in this respect, a righteous nation, is indispensable to the opening the gates of victory and peace to us.

Two great principles manifestly constitute the responsibility of our national character; and the neglect of these two great principles has been our national crime. There can never be permanent peace or prosperity to this nation but in their faithful maintenance. The assault upon them has made the fearful war in which we are engaged. The securing of them can alone make final victory and peace. The compromise of them in a partial peace—for weariness of the cost of their defence—is but a temporary lull of the warfare, in which the evil power is to gain additional strength, and the future conflict is to be the more fearful and uncertain. These two great principles—which are the key of all for which we now contend—are *the truth*, for the establishment and maintenance of which this nation has been Divinely called and gathered. They constitute our mission on the earth. To keep them is our responsibility; to sacrifice them is our crime. The nation can be a righteous nation, approved of God, and acceptable in his sight, only as they are faithfully and thoroughly preserved and defended.

The first of these great principles is the Divine character of human government, and the excessive crime of man's rebellion against it. This is the first nation on earth, in the great array of modern civilization, in which a government maintained by the nation, subject only to the will of God, has been established. Everywhere beside, the government of men is a family dynasty—the tyranny of the exalted and self-maintaining few over the many. Men are rulers by an arbitrary claim of divine right in some family inheritance, and all other men are subjects to this one self-exalted line. The theory may be more or less limited by delusive constitutional concessions from the governing power, or made more or less individually effective by the imperial assumptions of the particular rulers. But it is the same false theory—the asserted claim of a conquering few to the right to rule the residue of men, as subjects to their will. Rebellion against such assumption of authority may be often duty, indispensable to a nation's life. But government with us is the government of the nation, by the nation, from which there can be no appeal. God alone is conceded to be superior in authority, and he the only acknowledged fountain of public power. This great principle of Divine government is a great truth committed to our charge, for the defence and maintenance of which we are responsible to God and man. If rebellion against such a government be not wrong, nothing is wrong; there is no crime on earth. . . . The willing compromise of this great national truth for temporal peace or material wealth would be equally degrading and absurd. Degrading, because betraying the highest trust ever given to men; absurd, because an utterly false and delusive attempt to gain the peace and prosperity desired. Such a rebellion we have seen in the land and sadly feel. . . . The gates of peace and victory will never open till this rebellion be subdued. If it be the fact that it can only be subdued by the extermination of those who persist in it, fearful as is the contingency, it must be thus subdued. The criminal life must be sacrificed for the safety of the community. When rebels lay down their arms there can be peace. When rebels yield their hostility to a Divinely appointed government, there will be a rest, and there may be an eternal amnesty in one hour. But there never can be peace to a nation by compromising with rebellion, or by entering upon terms of treaty upon which rebels against a righteous authority shall be ready, though still rebellious, to submit. God has entrusted this nation with the great final principle of self-government for man, under his authority alone. He has called this generation to keep this great and all-pervading truth. They will be a righteous nation only in maintaining it. They will be an unrighteous nation before God in sacrificing it; and, whatever its maintenance may cost of life or wealth, its sacrifice will cost far more. And we can never come out of this contest in safety, or enter the gate of permanent peace and victory, unless we are determined that no future rebellion against our government shall be countenanced or encouraged by the success of this.

The other of the great principles which manifestly constitutes the responsibility of our national character is the equality and brotherhood of man—"Honor all men" is the formula of its Divine declaration. We are the first nation in the array of modern civilization to lay the universal freedom and equality of man at the basis of our whole system of social being; the first to throw the whole area of human attainments of wealth, of rank, of learning, of authority, completely open to the honorable contest of human industry, fidelity, and skill. We called all men brethren. We who were first upon the soil invited all others, from every land, to follow us upon the same broad stand of acknowledgment, and to unite with us in the determination that there should be one land of earth, where man, as man, might say he had a home. We inaugurated what the great Hungarian so beautifully called "the solidarity of nations." Neither Saxon nor Celt, nor Teuton, nor Scandinavian, nor Asiatic, nor American, should be allowed to say, It is a land for all but me. We have faithfully kept that compact; and the descendants of all races are filling, at their will, all the places of our highest civilization and attainment. It is a noble exhibition, and in its perfection, would be what it is designed to be, the joy of the whole earth. But a single leak in the vessel, disregarded and neglected, is as surely fatal as an hundred. One exception among the inhabitants of the earth, was fatally made. The cupidity of that very British government, which has given all the strength to this rebellion of slaveholders, forced that slavery upon the nation in its youth, and the inherited obstinacy of its governing line blocked up all attempts of the youthful nation to escape the load. That very Liverpool, which has been the outlet of so much aid to our present treason, was the great outlet of the earlier commerce of inhuman slavery, forced upon us for the advantage of British merchandise and wealth. And that one exception to our proffered brotherhood to man, has remained our curse and our crime. The descendants of Germans and Irish, of Huguenots and Papists, nay, of China and Japan, may fill, and some of them do fill, our highest places of rank and renown. But the cruel, bitter, degrading exclusion of the African, from all the rights, acknowledgments, protection, advantages of liberty, has been the growing purpose and operation of American civilization down to the very outbreak of this rebellion. For the purpose of defending this right of perpetual slaveholding has the rebellion been arrayed, which now desolates our land. Can there be peace in compromising this great principle? "If slavery be not wrong," said one of the wisest of our nation, "then nothing is wrong." I should think every honest heart on earth would say so. I would never acknowledge anything a Christianity which did not say so. God has given us this great principle to hold, to keep. It is the "truth" which we are to keep, which we *have* bought with a heavy loss, and which we can never sell at any price.

It is basely and delusively said, are not white men worth as much as black men? Will you sacrifice the peace and welfare of thirty millions of white men for the comfort of four millions of black men? It is a fair commercial question and calculation in its terms, but it is not the question which I have to meet. Can thirty millions of white men afford to maintain their wealth by the cruel oppression of four millions of black men? I have no particular interest in this question of color; but I have an intense interest in the question of national righteousness. That black men should be slaves or free, has no personal interest for me. I have nothing at stake that others have not. But no man is so rich or so exalted as to be able to afford to be fraudulent or unjust, and no nation is so exalted as to be able safely to defend and maintain a national injustice. A missing or rotten plank will, in time, as surely sink the largest ship as the smallest. There can be no peace in the land which shall enclose the cancer of allowed slavery within it. There can be no permanent prosperity to this nation, which is built upon the compromise of the great truth of human brotherhood, entrusted to a righteous people by a righteous God.

Final peace in this nation must open the rights of equal citizenship, advancement, acknowledgment, and responsibility to all the citizens thereof. All the people must be free, and all must have an equal right to the attainment and secure possession of all the advantages and rights which freedom brings. If the nation keep this commanding truth with fidelity, it will be a righteous nation before God. And he will open the gates which lead to victory and peace. If the nation be deluded to its compromise by any party, under the influence of any weariness of contest, or fear of expenditure; if it propitiate rebellion against a righteous government, by the unrighteous concession of perpetuated bondage; all prospects of resulting peace will be deceitful, and all hope of permanent prosperity will fail. For these great truths we have contended, or every dollar and every life expended has been thrown away.

At these gates we stand. When the nation's conscience faithfully responds to the will of God, when it keeps and values above national cost the great truth which he has given it to keep as a people and a pattern on the earth; when its prayers for freedom, and justice, and happiness for all people, cease to be the fumes of hypocrisy before his throne, when its institutions are purged from the protection of crime, its social walks cease to bristle with the thorns of oppression to the poor and outcast, its churches cease to defend the exclusion of believing men, for their color's sake, from all the privileges of their communion, or to make the outward skin the token of their Christian fellowship; when its men of wealth and influence become thoroughly loyal to national authority, and give no more their countenance to rebels and the defenders of rebellion, and refuse to acknowledge treason in whomsoever found in any social rank or place of honor; when the nation has at last suffered enough for truth to make it dear, and seen enough of the evils of treason and oppression to make them hateful, and no longer you shall abound with revilers of your government, and despisers of all that is good and hopeful in your national life; when you cease to encourage libelous and disloyal papers to tamper with men's treason as if it were a light thing, and to feel and claim that there is something on earth better than money, and more valuable than life; when you willingly give your means, and time, and strength, and influence to maintain the life and being of your nation; when you have sacrificed a tenth so much to defend your country and perpetuate its influence to bless the world, as rebels have given to destroy it; when you had rather be justly poor than unrighteously rich, and in your solemn determination to maintain your country at any loss, cease to murmur at the loss it brings, you may lift up your eyes with hope, while the two-leaved gates fly open, and God proclaims to you from heaven, "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man hath power to shut it."

### *TO UNION MEN.*

From Harper's Weekly.

THE rebel papers, considering they are printed in what they call another country, are curiously interested in the political movements of this country. They print long columns of anxious speculation, and then assure us that they have no shadow of interest in the matter, and that their contempt for us and our affairs exceeds expression. A recent performance of this kind in the Richmond *Examiner* is peculiarly amusing. It thinks it sees signs that the Administration is to be defeated, and it cannot conceal its joy. Its ribaldry is as remarkable as in the days that followed Sumter, when it was full of fervid longings that the Yankees would only come down and be soundly flogged by the slaves, since the Southern gentlemen disdained the dirty business of whipping them with their own hands. Since then, however, at Vicksburg, at New Orleans, at Gettysburg, and in Virginia and Georgia the Southern gentlemen were not disinclined to try their hands; and it is a curious and interesting fact that they have whipped the Yankees all the way from Gettysburg to Petersburg, and from the Ohio to Atlanta, and will probably not be satisfied until they have whipped the scoundrels into the Gulf.

The Richmond *Examiner* says with solemn exultation, in words that are the just indication of the dignity of the rebel cause and the honorable spirit in which it is conducted: "The obscene ape of Illinois is about to be deposed from the Washington purple....He was in the eyes of all mankind an unanswerable argument for our secession; he stood there a living justification, seven feet high, of the steadfast resolution of these States to hold no more political union with a race capable not only of producing such a being, but of making it a ruler and king."

There is a great deal more in this strain which is peculiar to a baby-selling chivalry—a strain in which Jefferson Davis showed himself an accomplished adept when he called his fellow-citizens against whom he has drawn the sword "hyenas."

But such articles show, what is not sufficiently apprehended by ourselves, the moral value of the maintenance of the Administration. Contemporary with this Administration, the war for the Union is necessarily identified with it. The rebels and their friends the Copperheads have constantly denounced it as "Lincoln's war," while our own foreign friends and enemies have always regarded the President as the accepted exponent of the war. The rebels undoubtedly mean, therefore, to show a brave front until after the election. They know if, by holding on, they can only fatigue or dishearten loyal men to the point of declaring that they must have a change merely for the sake of change, that the defeat of Mr. Lincoln will be accepted by their own population as a sign of desire to compromise and yield, while it will be understood by foreign powers in the same way, and assure them that the hour has come for successful mediation, recognition, or interference.

The only thing which, under the circumstances, would be the most valuable to the rebels is the defeat of Mr. Lincoln; while, on the other hand, his reëlection would be the most shattering blow to them. For it would say plainly to the whole world that the loyal people of the United States, while they differed upon many points of policy, were heartily agreed upon the one great essential aim of the maintenance of the Union by arms against all who by arms seek its overthrow; that failures of many kinds were inseparable from all human enterprises; that, as they had begun, they meant to finish; and that while there were many faithful and devoted patriots in their ranks, there was no one more faithful or more devoted than the President, who had borne so patiently the heat and burden of the day. Any change whatever shows some kind of dissatisfaction with the war and its policy. But the reëlection of the President reveals a grim and impregnable resolution, the earnest of absolute victory.

### *MR. GARRISON IN SELF-DEFENCE.*

[A subscriber to the *Liberator*, of thirty years standing, lately stopped his paper, declaring that the Editor, in advocating the reëlection of President Lincoln, had "abandoned the cause of the slave." In the last number of that paper the subscriber is permitted to occupy a column and a half of space in an attempt to support this sweeping charge. We copy the substance of Mr. Garrison's admirable and conclusive reply, as follows:]

OUR correspondent accuses us of "electioneering for the reëlection of Lincoln," which proves, he thinks, that we have "abandoned the cause of the slave."

To this we reply, that if to give the weight of our sympathy and influence to Mr. Lincoln's reëlection makes us recreant to anti-slavery principles, then every other man who does so is also recreant; then Lovejoy and Giddings were recreant before they died; then Gerrit Smith and a host of others long conspicuous for their consecration to the abolition cause are recreant; then the loyal sentiment of the country, embodied and expressed in the Baltimore Convention, which re-nominated Mr. Lincoln on the basis of the total abolition of slavery as essential to national safety and unity, is recreant; then Mr. Lincoln himself, for accepting such nomination, and desiring an amendment of the Constitution so as to render slaveholding an illegal and criminal act throughout the land, is recreant!

But if Mr. Lincoln is thus recreant, how does it happen that not a rebel in all the South, nor a Copperhead in all the North, are aware of the fact?—that their malignant hatred of him, avowedly for no other reason than that he is determined upon the extermination of slavery, and is "a black-hearted abolitionist"?—that the one great issue to be met at the ballot-box in November is, whether the President's emancipation policy shall stand or be repudiated, in relation to the rebellion and the reconstruction of the Union? Have the enemies of impartial freedom lost their old pro-slavery instincts? Is it true that birds of a feather no longer flock together? If Mr. Lincoln were as ultra an Abolitionist as our correspondent modestly claims to be, could he be more bitterly denounced or more furiously opposed by the conjoined Copperhead and rebel elements of the country? And while he holds a position which arrays against him all these elements, doubtless soon to culminate in such an outbreak of sedition and violence as few yet dream of, is he to be also ostracised by the professed friends of universal emancipation? Is this to be actuated by principle or guided by common sense? When the traitors of the South, or their yet more base accomplices at the North, shall begin to speak decently of Mr. Lincoln, and to take sides with him as against General Fremont, will it not be quite soon enough to suspect his honesty of purpose and question the ability of his administration?

Granted that all has not been done for the colored population, bond and free, for which the Abolitionists contend. Granted that these afflicted and oppressed people have many grievances yet to be redressed, to the reproach of the government and the shame of the nation. Granted that there is more or less of confusion and paradox in the conduct of military superiors and inferiors towards the negroes within their jurisdiction or under their authority. What then? Is the President to be fairly held answerable for this? Is not the primary difficulty in the popular prejudice against the negro race? And is there not another side to the shield? Has not wonderful progress been made, in many ways, in breaking the fetters of the millions in bondage, and solemnly decreeing that they shall be "forever free"? Is the annihilation of more than three-fourths of the accursed slave system by the edict of Abraham Lincoln no cause for jubilation? Is the unanimous committal of the loyal sentiment of the country to the entire abolition of slavery, and to its constitutional prohibition to the end of time, not a cheering sign of the times? Is the cleansing of the District of Columbia from its slaveholding and slave-trading pollution and blood nothing? Is the recognition of the right of colored persons to give testimony and defend their rights in the courts of the United States nothing? Is the acknowledgment by Congress and the government of the independence of Hayti and Liberia nothing? Is the enrolment of a hundred thousand negro soldiers under the national flag, and to put down the rebellion and ITS CAUSE—even though they are not allowed the full pay of white soldiers—nothing? Is the repeal of those abhorrent acts, the Fugitive Slave Bills of 1850 and 1793, whereby slave-hunting ceases to be legalized, nothing? Is the treaty with Great Britain for the effectual suppression of the foreign slave trade, by a common right of search, nothing? Are not all these sublime measures combined far beyond what the most sanguine advocates of emancipation ventured to assume as possible—ay, and within a period of less than two years? Or are they to be flippantly cast aside, or contemptuously slurred over, on the specious pretence of superior anti-slavery vigilance and fidelity? Who put his hand and seal heartily and promptly to them all, when he could have defeated them all by the veto power? Who but ABRAHAM LINCOLN? And if for so doing—*and for nothing else*—he has roused against him all who are resolved upon the degradation and enslavement of the negro race, and if hell itself howls and shrieks at his presence, is it for those who claim to be on the side of loyalty and freedom to join with his satanic foes in attempting to cover him with odium, and to break down his Administration in a crisis like this? For ourselves, by our allegiance to God, by our pledges to the oppressed, by the heartfelt interest we take in the welfare and stability of the whole country, we will be guilty of no such folly. Never were we more satisfied that we are pursuing the course dictated by the soundest policy, the highest wisdom, and the sternest adhesion to principle, than now. Division upon rival candidates for the Presidency, among the loyal portion of the people, is next to damnation. It may defeat Mr. Lincoln's election, but it cannot secure that of Gen. Fremont or any other but a pseudo peace, doubly-traitorous Copperhead. It cannot ensure victory to the cause of Liberty and Union as "one and inseparable," and in all probability it will lead to the most deplorable consequences. To seek to promote it, no matter on what pretext, is nothing but sheer infatuation. To foster it, by every conceivable artifice, is what the seditious democracy of the North will labor assiduously to do, as the only possible chance of seizing the reins of government, and bringing back "the reign of chaos and old night."

This is our view of the state of affairs; and if it is "electioneering for the reëlection of Lincoln," we do not at all object to the imputation; for we have indulged in similar "electioneering" ever since we became an Abolitionist. In consequence of the rebellion, Mr. Lincoln stands on broader anti-slavery grounds than did Owen Lovejoy, Joshua R. Giddings, or Charles Sumner, when they were candidates for Congress; yet, as against their venomous pro-slavery opponents and accepting their nominations as signs of a growing sentiment hostile to the further extension of slavery, if not in favor of its abolition, we hailed their election, even under the old "covenant with death and agreement with hell." So we stood by "the old man eloquent," John Quincy Adams, and did what we could to cheer his heart and strengthen his hands while the stormy wrath of the Southern lords of the lash, in Congress, was beating pitilessly upon his naked head for defending the sacred right of petition without respect of persons; notwithstanding that, at that very time, he avowed his opposition to the prayer of the petitioners, who supplicated for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. Was this to be a "political partisan," or to "abandon the cause of the slave"? Or was it not a proof of good sense and clear discrimination—judging sagaciously as to the value of persons and the relation of events to the godlike cause that was so dear to us—recognizing the fact that where the assault of the slavocracy was fiercest for the time being, there was the vital point to be maintained—and remembering that the law of development and progress is, "first the blade, then the ear, then the corn fully ripe," and "not despising the day of small things"? What public man has, or is at this hour, more detested, proscribed, vilified and feared, by the traffickers in human flesh, or by their Copperhead abettors, *with reference to the slavery question*, than Abraham Lincoln? Whose election is so dreaded by them as the token of their perdition as his? With what other man are they not willing to run the risk of success or defeat rather than himself? Against whom are they so openly gnashing their teeth, and cursing by all their gods, on the ground that he is a "d—d Abolitionist," whose only concern is to "free the niggers," and not to conciliate the South? Who has had such trials to endure, such perils to encounter, at their hands as Mr. Lincoln? Is it not undeniable that "hell from beneath is moved" to defeat him at the mighty trial of strength in November? Do not the rebel journals and rebel leaders avow that their only hope is in his discomfiture? Added to much other evidence of their state of mind is the testimony of Brig.-Gen. T. Seymour, who has just been released from "under fire" at Charleston—an old West Point officer and a Democrat, but not of the Copperhead stripe—and who, in an instructive letter to W. E. Dodge, Jr., Esq., of New York, gives his "impressions of the present condition of the Southern Confederacy." He says that "the rebel cause is fast failing from exhaustion—it is nearly time that it should end, and of sheer depletion it must end before long"—and emphatically adds:

> "Disappointed from the first in not having been acknowledged by foreign Powers—more bitterly disappointed in their general expectation that Northern cowardice or dissension would secure their ends—but a single chance remains, and that is *the result of our next election for President.* If a Democrat succeeds to Mr. Lincoln, they profess to feel sure of negotiations, and sure of their Confederacy. They believe a Democrat will be elected. In Mr. Lincoln's reëlection they see only subjugation, annihilation, for the war must then continue, and continuance is their failure and ruin.
>
> "In military affairs it is an excellent rule never to do what the enemy desires—is it not equally true in politics? Certain it is that that *the only remaining hope of the South lies in Mr. Lincoln's defeat.*"

Can any anti-slavery man justify himself in so acting to secure Mr. Lincoln's defeat as to give fruition to "the only remaining hope of the South"? See what maledictions are poured upon the head of the President by the Southern traitors and their Northern accomplices! In view of such ferocious assaults—which are, in fact, splendid testimonials to the patriotism of the assailed—of what avail is it for such cavillers as our correspondent to declaim about the "incompetency" of Mr. Lincoln—to accuse him of having "no settled principle of action," "treated the best friends of the country unjustly," "trusted too much to men of doubtful loyalty," and "nearly ruined the country by refusing to use the means at his command for putting down the rebellion," etc., etc., etc.? What boots it that outcries are made at this late hour because Fremont's edict, emancipating some thousands of slaves, was deemed premature by the President—seeing that Mr. Lincoln has since liberated more than three millions of slaves, and under his sanction so many grand anti-slavery measures have been carried? What sense is there in dwelling upon what has long since become obsolete? What has the resignation of Mr. Chase to do in warranting a rival political movement to defeat Mr. Lincoln's election, the only result of which, in all human probability, can be to give success to the nominees of the Chicago Convention? Such issues the rebels South and the Copperheads North laugh in their sleeves to see made by professedly loyal men, and they eagerly circulate them as the best means of accomplishing their ends; for unless they can divide the ranks of the loyal, they cannot conquer.

### *REBEL CRUELTY TO PRISONERS.*

MEMORIAL TO THE PRESIDENT.

CONFEDERATE STATES PRISON,
CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. —, 1864.

*To the President of the United States:*

THE condition of the enlisted men belonging to the Union armies, now prisoners to the Confederate rebel forces, is such that it becomes our duty, and the duty of every commissioned officer, to make known the facts in the case to the government of the United States and to use every honorable effort to secure a general exchange of prisoners, thereby relieving thousands of our comrades from the horrors now surrounding them.

For some time past there has been a concentration of prisoners from all parts of the rebel territory to the State of Georgia—the commissioned officers being confined at Macon, and the enlisted men at Andersonville. Recent movements of the Union armies under Gen. Sherman have compelled the removal of prisoners to other points, and it is now understood that they will be removed to Savannah, Ga., and Columbus and Charleston, South Carolina. But no change of this kind holds out any prospect of relief to our poor men. Indeed, as the localities selected are far more unhealthy, there must be increased instead of diminished suffering. Col. Hill, Provost-Marshal-General, Confederate States Army, at Atlanta, stated to one of the undersigned that there were thirty-five thousand prisoners at Andersonville, and by all accounts from the United States soldiers who have been confined there the number is not overstated by him. These thirty-five thousand are confined in a field of some thirty acres, enclosed by a board fence, heavily guarded. About one-third have various kinds of indifferent shelter; but upwards of thirty thousand are wholly without shelter, or even shade, of any kind, and are exposed to the storms and rains, which are of almost daily occurrence, the cold dews of the night, and the more terrible effects of the sun striking with almost tropical fierceness upon their unprotected heads. This mass of men jostle and crowd each other up and down the limits of their enclosure, in storm or sun, and others lie down upon the pitiless earth at night, with no other covering than the clothing upon their backs, few of them having even a blanket.

Upon entering the prison every man is deliberately stripped of money and other property, and as no clothing or blankets are ever supplied to their prisoners by the rebel authorities, the condition of the apparel of the soldiers, just from an active campaign, can be easily imagined. Thousands are without pants or coats, and hundreds without even a pair of drawers to cover their nakedness.

To these men, as indeed to all prisoners, there is issued three-quarters of a pound of bread or meal, and one-eighth of a pound of meat per day. This is the entire ration, and upon it the prisoner must live or die. The meal is often unsifted and sour, and the meat such as in the North is consigned to the soap-maker. Such are the rations upon which Union soldiers are fed by the rebel authorities, and by which they are barely holding on to life. But to starvation and exposure to sun and storm add the sickness which prevails to a most alarming and terrible extent. On an average one hundred die daily. It is impossible that any Union soldier should know all the facts pertaining to this terrible mortality, as they are not paraded by the rebel authorities. Such statements as the following, made by —— ——, speak eloquent testimony. Said he: "Of twelve of us who were captured, six died; four are in the hospital, and I never expect to see them again. There are but two of us left." In 1862, at Montgomery, Alabama, under far more favorable circumstances, the prisoners being protected by sheds, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred were sick from diarrhœa and chills, out of seven hundred. The same per centage would give seven thousand sick at Andersonville. It needs no comment, no efforts at word painting, to make such a picture stand out boldly in most horrible colors.

Nor is this all. Among the ill-fated of the many who have suffered amputation in consequence of injuries received before capture, sent from rebel hospitals before their wounds were healed, there are eloquent witnesses of the barbarities of which they are victims. If to these facts is added this, that nothing more demoralizes soldiers and develops the evil passions of a man than starvation, the terrible condition of Union prisoners at Andersonville can readily be imagined. They are fast losing hope, and becoming utterly reckless of life. Numbers, crazed by their sufferings, wander about in a state of idiocy; others deliberately cross the "dead line," and are remorselessly shot down.

In behalf of these men we most earnestly appeal to the President of the United States. Few of them have been captured except in the front of battle, in the deadly encounter, and only when overpowered by numbers. They constitute as gallant a portion of our armies as carry our banners anywhere. If released, they would soon return to again do vigorous battle for our cause. We are told that the only obstacle in the way of exchange is the status of enlisted negroes captured from our armies, the United States claiming that the cartel covers all who serve under its flag, and the Confederate States refusing to consider the colored soldiers, heretofore slaves, as prisoners of war.

We beg leave to suggest some facts bearing upon the question of exchange, which we would urge upon this consideration. Is it not consistent with the national honor, without waiving the claim that the negro soldiers shall be treated as prisoners of war, to effect an exchange of the white soldiers? The two classes are treated differently by the enemy. The whites are confined in such prisons as the Libby and Andersonville, starved and treated with a barbarism unknown to civilized nations. The blacks, on the contrary, are seldom imprisoned. They are distributed among the citizens, or employed on government works. Under these circumstances, they receive enough to eat, and are worked no harder than they have been accustomed to be. They are neither starved nor killed off by the pestilence in the dungeons of Richmond and Charleston. It is true they are again made slaves; but their slavery is freedom and happiness compared with the cruel existence imposed upon our gallant men. They are not bereft of hope, as are the white soldiers, dying by piecemeal. Their chances of escape are tenfold greater than those of the white soldiers, and their condition, in all its lights, is tolerable in comparison with that of the prisoners of war now languishing in the dens and pens of secession.

While, therefore, believing the claims of our government, in matters of exchange, to be just, we are profoundly impressed with the conviction that the circumstances of the two classes of soldiers are so widely different that the government can honorably consent to an exchange, waiving for a time the established principle justly claimed to be applicable in the case. Let thirty-five thousand suffering, starving and dying enlisted men aid this appeal. By prompt and decided action in their behalf thirty-five thousand heroes will be made happy. For the eighteen hundred commissioned officers now prisoners we urge nothing. Although desirous of returning to our duty, we can bear imprisonment with more fortitude if the enlisted men, whose sufferings we know to be intolerable, were restored to liberty and life.

### *THE PRESIDENCY.*

A LETTER FROM JOHN C. FREMONT.

BOSTON, Aug. 21, 1864.

GENERAL FREMONT—*Sir:* You must be aware of the wide and growing dissatisfaction, in the Republican ranks, with the Presidential nomination at Baltimore; and you may have seen notices of a movement, just commenced, to unite the thorough and earnest friends of a vigorous prosecution of the war in a new Convention which shall represent the patriotism of all parties.

To facilitate that movement it is emphatically advisable that the candidates nominated at Cleveland and Baltimore should withdraw and leave the field entirely free for such a united effort. Permit us, sir, to ask whether, in case Mr. Lincoln will withdraw, you will do so, and join your fellow-citizens in this attempt to place the Administration on a basis broad as the patriotism of the country and as its needs.

(Signed) GEORGE L. STEARNS,
S. R. URBINO,
JAMES M. STONE,
ELIZUR WRIGHT,
EDWARD HABIACH,
SAML. G. HOWE.

NAHANT, Aug. 25, 1864.

GENTLEMEN: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 21st, addressed to me in New York.

If your letter were in effect an appeal only to my own sentiments in favor of a reunion of parties, I should not hesitate to renounce any personal views, but would be entirely ready to defer to the public opinion which your names represent.

But the conditions are no longer the same as when I expressed my readiness to retire in the event of a contingency which might have occurred at Baltimore. Having now definitely accepted the Cleveland nomination, I have not the right to act independently of the truly patriotic and earnest party who conferred that honor upon me. In any event, it would be necessary first to consult with them. It might, besides, have only the effect still further to unsettle the public mind, and defeat the object you have in view, if we should disorganize before first proceeding to organize something better.

To this end I suggest that a direct effort be made to obtain an immediate understanding between the supporters of the Baltimore and Cleveland nominations, in order that the friends of both may coalesce and unite upon an early day for holding such a Convention as you propose. I am satisfied that I do not assume too much in saying that my friends will unite heartily in such a movement.

A really popular Convention, upon a broad and liberal basis, so that it could be regarded as a convocation in mass of the people, and not the work of politicians, would command public confidence. Such a Convention, acting in the large and liberal spirit in which it was called, without consideration of persons or political cliques, and without reference to bygone situations, rising to the level of the occasion and taking the conditions of the country as they present themselves to-day, could safely be trusted to propose such a policy and name such a man as should, and undoubtedly would, receive the cordial and united support of the patriotic masses of the people. To the great body of these, so far as my information allows me to form any opinion, I think that the following propositions would be acceptable:

1. Respect for the practical liberty and the constitutional rights and dignity of the citizen.

2. The maintenance of the dignity of the United States in their relations to foreign powers.

3. The reëstablishment of the Union; by peace if possible; by war if the employment of peaceful measures cannot be made to succeed.

Much has been said of late about peace, and you will therefore excuse me if I say here what I understand by it. For me, peace signifies the integral reëstablishment of the Union without slavery; because slavery is the source of all our political dissensions, and because the institution itself is condemned by the enlightened and liberal spirit of the age. These are to me the essential conditions of peace. If it is practicable to obtain this result, it would not be paying too dearly for it—taking also into consideration the material strength which the South has been permitted to acquire by the conduct of the war—to make concessions upon some points of secondary importance, such as that of paying an indemnity for their slaves to those who have remained in a sort of neutral condition during the unhappy war which has convulsed the country. To terminate this we are now expending life and money; it would certainly be a gain to reduce it simply to a question of money.

If in spite of all these efforts to spare the South humiliation or losses of capital likely to be too severely felt, the political chiefs who direct the South persist in war, then the policy of the Convention should be to pronounce in that case for war with all the force and energy of the nation. For peace, upon any terms, and merely because it is peace—a peace recognizing a North and a South—would not bring about a stable equilibrium. It would only prepare the way for new struggles, and for a condition of disastrous anarchy.

The paramount question is the Union. By peace, if it can be had on honorable and right terms—by war, if the political leaders who are directing the South insist upon war.

The situation of our country is unquestionably critical. It demands the devotion and the patriotism of all men who really love their country, and it is one of those moments when all personal aspirations should vanish in the face of the great questions of principle and national existence which are at stake.

Thanking you, gentlemen, for the evidence which your letter gives me of your confidence in my disposition to do everything in my power for the interests of the country, I am, very truly, yours,

J. C. FREMONT.

### FREMONT AND CHICAGO.

Baltimore Correspondence of the New Nation.

THE Fremont men of Maryland have made up their minds not to vote for the nominee of the Chicago Convention, unless he is Gen. Fremont, for the simple reason that no other nominee, in their judgment, even if unexceptionable on the score of loyalty and hostility to slavery, has the remotest chance of success as against Mr. Lincoln. And hence they have determined either not to vote at all or to vote the Lincoln electoral ticket, if the electors thereon will pledge themselves to throw their votes according to the decision of the majority, whether for Lincoln or Fremont, the same to be ascertained by the heading on the tickets. Negotiations are pending looking to this last arrangement, and if it becomes necessary to complete them, there is no doubt of their success. In this way, every loyal vote in Mary-

land will be thrown against the Chicago nominee, and it is believed that Fremont may carry one district or even more. If this plan be adopted in all the States, the Chicago nominee will not get a single electoral vote, for there is not a particle of doubt of the overwhelming majority of the country being in favor of prosecuting the war to a final conquest of the slaveholding conspirators against the country, however they may differ as to the man. For my own part, I do not see any hope or sign of returning sanity to the delegates to the Chicago Convention. Their only hope of success lies in the adoption of Fremont on the Cleveland platform, or a platform breathing even more outspoken hostility to slavery and rebels, and yet they are so wedded to slavery and their slaveholding, rebelling masters, that they are incapable of rising to the dignity of freemen and asserting their independence. See how they submit to be dictated to by Jeff. Davis's insolent emissaries in Canada! If anything could provoke them to jealousy against Jeff. Davis and slavery, it ought to be the bearing and language of that tyrant in his interview with Jacques and Kirke; but what Col. Jacques well said of Jeff. Davis himself may be applied, I have too much reason to fear, to these delegates: "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let them alone."

### *AN IMPOTENT CONCLUSION.*

From the Evening Post.

THE laboring mountain has at last brought forth its mouse. After a gestation of more than the ordinary length, the "democratic" party, attended by such veteran "democratic" doctors as Washington Hunt, Leslie Coombs, Charles Wickliffe, Garret Davis, and a whole school of antique Whigs and incurable Know-Nothings, has come to a birth. It has given us its conception of the duties and responsibilities of the existing crisis. With a grander opportunity to do good than was ever before vouchsafed to any political body, it has let the occasion slip, and achieved a disgrace where it might have accomplished the sublimest work. Nothing poorer, staler, flatter—we might indeed say, without a breach of charity, nothing more contemptible—was ever penned than the resolutions put forth at Chicago to express the convictions of a great party during one of the most solemn and eventful eras in the history of man.

We are engaged in a war for the defence of the national life and territory, but those who read this platform will find in it not a word against the enemy who has so wantonly attacked both. Our soldiers, who have given up all their private interests to protect the flag and the national honor, will find here no words of good cheer, no promise of reinforcements in the field, no hope of success, but only—tacked on at the end—a few words of pity not unmixed with contempt, as though the gallant defenders of the Union were a pack of fools and idiots. Our prisoners, tortured, starved, abused, in Southern slave-pens by the ferocious malignity of the rebel leaders, will look in vain through this platform for a denunciation of those who entrap and kill them; they will find their sufferings used only as the spring for an electioneering trick. European governments, watching narrowly our political symbols for some expression of popular temper, will find in this one no sentiment of patriotic pride, no regard for the national honor, no solicitude as to our standing among nations, nothing to denote that there yet lives in our country a spirit which would make the aggrandizements of foreign nations upon us dangerous to them. Foreigners will find in this document only the most abject, spiritless appeals for peace; they will see in it the cry of a nation weak, worn out, powerless, humbled, ready to accept blows without thought of returning them. They will see that this Democratic party, which eight years ago rigidly insisted upon the Monroe Doctrine, and even demanded the acquisition of Cuba, now humbly omits all mention of this, its favorite political principle.

So far the platform is entirely negative; it asserts no principles, it declares no policy; it does not denounce the enemies of the Union; nor does it approve of those who have given their lives to defend it against those enemies. It declares no policy, unless it be in the vague but yet significant sentence of the second resolution, which announces as the policy of the party, and imposes upon its candidate, if he should be elected, —"immediate efforts for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an *ultimate* convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that, at the earliest practicable moment, peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States."

That is the pith of the resolutions. Here, for the first and only time, they announce a definite policy which will bind their candidate, and the nation if it elects him. Well, what is this policy? How will it, if carried out, affect the national interest and honor? It demands *immediate* cessation of hostilities—an armistice that is to say. To this the rebels will most gladly agree. They are at last pushed to the wall; on every side, in every field, at every point of the line they are overmastered. If Grant and Sherman and Farragut are permitted to go on, if our armies are strengthened and continue to operate as they have done, the rebellion must presently collapse. The end is near; every soldier in the armies knows this, and writes it to his friends; the rebels know it, and their Northern friends know it. Nothing can now even put off the ruin of the "Confederacy," the total failure of the rebellion, except that only thing which this Chicago platform unconditionally demands, namely, an immediate cessation of hostilities. Unless the rebels can get breathing time, unless the eager hands of our soldiers and sailors can be stayed, the rebels must give up the struggle; therefore these Chicago politicians resolve and "explicitly declare" that the victory shall be snatched from the grasp of our soldiers, and there shall be cessation of hostilities.

But what excuse is given, what is the object of this cessation? "With a view to an *ultimate* convention of all the States, or other peaceable means," says the resolution. Not an *immediate* convention, not *immediate* "peaceable means"—whatever that vague phrase may mean. To give the rebel leaders time to raise new defences, prepare new supplies, raise and drill new troops; meanwhile, to keep in idleness our own expensive armies, and thus increase daily the national debt without any benefit to the country—for remember, an armistice will cost us as much as active war—to do this till the rebel leaders are ready for a new campaign, and the people of the free States are worn out and disgusted with the trickery of sham negotiations, which neither of the parties to them expect to result in anything but delays: this is the object of this policy. Then at last the rebels may refuse the convention—as they must, on their theory. Then, after months of precious time frittered away, after the best opportunity our armies have had is past, after the enemy is strengthened and we weakened, the war must recommence—or else those "other peaceable means" hinted at in the resolution must be used. Those are, humble submission to any terms Jeff. Davis may grant.

The peace men are not dissatisfied with this platform; Mr. Vallandingham feels comfortable on it; the Woods stand steadily upon it; Benjamin Harris of Maryland likes it; Cox, Voorhees, Garret Davis, all consent to it. Why should they not? It is their work. But what will loyal and true Democrats say to it?

### *THE CHICAGO PLATFORM.*

From the N. Y. Tribune.

THIS Platform, it will be seen, in no manner condemns, even by implication, the gigantic rebellion which has so long crimsoned our fields with the most precious blood of our countrymen. It conceals the facts that the war was inaugurated by the rebels alone, and that they had wrenched from the nation nearly half its fortresses, armories, arsenals, sub-treasuries, mints, custom houses, etc., etc., and made prisoners of the bulk of its little army, before a single shot was fired on the side of the Union. The rebel chieftains who falsely, villainously asserted, directly after the taking of Fort Sumter, that *Lincoln and the Abolitionists had declared war on the South*, and thereby dragged Virginia, North Carolina and Arkansas into the abyss of secession, under the plea of necessary self-defense, are practically countenanced and upheld by this vile platform, which speaks as though the war had been wantonly inaugurated on the part of the National authorities, and might have been avoided had they chosen. There is not one word in this platform which even intimates that the rebels have done any wrong, or that the government in resisting their efforts has done anything right.

The Democratic platform demands wholly and unqualifiedly that the war shall, on the part of the Union, be stopped. Suppose this were done to-morrow. President Lincoln sends an envoy to Jeff. Davis, saying, "Let us have a cessation of hostilities." "Certainly," responds Jeff. "Withdraw your forces from the Confederacy, raise your blockade, and I agree to an armistice." (The rebels have already indicated that they will have no other.) Suppose this were conceded: must not every European government at once recognize the Confederacy? On what ground could any refuse? We should have given up the contest, and retired baffled and defeated. Europe is famishing for cotton and naval stores, which the rebels have to spare; they are in desperate want of a thousand things whereof Europe has a surplus. They would of course trade only with their friends. Who does not see that this is disunion, complete and final? Having tamely surrendered New Orleans, Newbern, Port Royal, Vicksburg, Memphis, Nashville, Knoxville, Little Rock and Fortress Monroe—all the fruits of our long and arduous struggle—who imagines, what Confederate would fear, that we should ever plunge afresh into war, and try to take them over again?

It is a fraud, then—an impudent, wicked fraud—for this platform to talk after this, of peace "on the basis of the Federal Union." We have war only because certain States have repudiated and now defy that Union. That Union is the bone of contention—there is none other. How, then, having decreed a "cessation of hostilities," are you afterward to have the Union? You recognize the traitorous aristocracy who claim to have seceded as composing their respective States: we deny it, and, counting the whole people, insisted that there is a Union majority in every State. On what Democratic principle can *you* constrain rebel States to return to the Union?

But "a Convention of the States"—nay, "an *ultimate* Convention of *all* the States"—is in your programme. But the rebel States *had their* Convention at Montgomery nearly four years ago, and framed there a Constitution wherewith they profess to be perfectly contented. That Constitution ignores ours, supersedes it and renders your Convention a simple nullity. Stop the war now, and they will laugh your "ultimate" Convention to scorn. They will tell you that *they* have a first-rate Constitution, formed at Montgomery, and that if you want union with them, you must adopt that, and apply to be admitted into their Confederacy. Having admitted that the aristocracy are the States wherein they live, having stopped the war, how do you expect to unite with them except by creeping in at the back door of their Confederacy? That is the precise point to which you are now tending.

Three and a half years ago, before a drop of blood had been shed, we Republicans proposed a Convention, or rather adopted the proposition of Kentucky, that one be called. Had you Democrats *then* favored a Convention, we should long since have held one. But you resisted it, fought it, voted it down, inducing even Kentucky to join you in defeating it. And now, after three years of carnage and devastation, you come round to our position, and vaguely recommend a Convention. We stand by it, and will help carry it; but that will not put down the rebellion. We must first have peace, *then* hold a Convention.

All the rest of this platform is wind, signifying very little. It amounts in substance to just this: *The Administration has not surrendered the country to the traitors, North or South.* It has suppressed treason in loyal States, not sternly nor very consistently; it has not allowed those who defy the authority and trample on the flag of their country to have everything their own way. The Bramlette Guthrie party in Kentucky thought this all right when it operated in their favor; now that it no longer does, they unite in denouncing it. We only wish they had had a Jackson in the White House to give them something real to complain of.

The "sympathy" tendered to the soldiers by this platform is a wanton insult. Every line of it implies that their blood has been fruitlessly shed, and that they might better have staid at home and let the rebels have everything their own way. What real sympathy can there be between those who regard the War for the Union as unjust and ruinous, and those who have laid their lives on the altar of their country's salvation? What soldier can desire the sympathy of those who have no word of reproof for the cruel villains who expose our prisoners to die in the open lots, unsheltered and but half fed, but heap all their "reprobation" on the government, which would protect and release them if it could?

Unionists of all the States! it is incumbent on us to beat this platform and its backers! Let us resolve to do it, and begin the work now!


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.


### *THE NORTHERN CAMPAIGN.*

THE Presidential campaign which is about to open will be the most fiercely contested, as well as the most momentous in its issues of any that has ever yet occurred. We know that this has been said before, and many excellent and wise men deemed that the first election of Jefferson and the second election of Madison would overthrow the fabric of our liberties. And, in a sense, it was so. For the election of Jefferson produced the purchase of Louisiana, which was the beginning of the territorial supremacy of the Slave Power, and the second election of Madison, confirming as it did the war with Great Britain, a distinctive Southern measure, confirmed at the same time the slaveholding domination from which we are now struggling to free ourselves. But let that pass. Those were days of small things, but of great beginnings. For there may be discerned the germ of all later history. The seed was but as a grain of mustard seed, but the tree was great and terrible, and overshadowed the whole land with its baleful shade. This election must be of far-reaching influences and may control our destinies, for good or for evil, for many years to come, and we should not disguise from ourselves that it may be for evil. Amiable optimists, judging of others out of the abundant goodness of their own hearts, may dream that the task of the destruction of slavery is accomplished; but much work remains to be done before the toilers in that vineyard can rest from their labors. Slavery is not abolished, yet. Three-quarters of the bondmen are yet in their chains, and in a situation to be profitably employed as slaves, should the war end by a pro-slavery reconstruction or an enforced recognition. The high price of cotton, which cannot be suddenly reduced materially, would pour new life into the shrivelled veins of slavery, the moment she had free play, again. It is a delusion to believe that slavery is killed outright, or wounded unto sudden death, by the blows dealt it by this war. Its destruction will be hastened by it, beyond a doubt, through the actual injuries it will have received and from the destruction of the monopoly of cotton which was the elixir of life to it. But it may live many a long year yet, if this election be suffered to go wrong.

The Copperheads know this right well. They know—the best of them—that slavery has had a stunning blow by this war, and one that will terminate in its death; but then they believe, as Louis XV. did as to the abuses of the old *régime*, that it will last their time. Posterity has done nothing for them and may take care of itself. If a liberticide peace can be engineered, which shall persuade the slaveholders to return to reign over us, by every guarantee they can devise for their own security against the aggressions of freedom, they will leave the future to its fate. One chief hope of ours must be in the confidence that the slaveholders are too wise in their generation to believe in any such peace. They know the nature of war too well not to know that any attempt to restrict freedom of thought and expression, at this age of the world and in this country, on such a theme as slavery, must recoil on the heads of the conspirators. They were right in their opinion that slavery can exist only in a domain where it is supreme, and where it can guard against the winds of Heaven, so that they should not visit its face too roughly. They did not reckon rightly as to the degree of opposition they were to encounter in securing this promised land; but they were true in their instincts when they turned their faces thitherward. Now the Copperheads hope that the slaveholders may have learned that they were premature in their Exodus from the old land over which they predominated, and that they may yet be willing to return, if it be made amply worth their while. We think they do not know their men. They think that they are to be bought with offices, from Secretaryships down to tidewaiterships, like themselves. They care little for such things, excepting as the means of buying their white slaves. They want what they had meant to get by their secession, a return to universal power, secure from disturbance at home, and freedom to extend slavery over the whole continent. Failing of this, we do not believe that they can be purchased back again, as long as slavery endures as their chosen institution. That destroyed, there is nothing to hinder, and nothing can prevent, the two sections, forcibly separated and mechanically held apart, from gravitating back again into one homogeneous whole. They will never return on persuasion. They can only be brought back by the forcible suppression of the rebellion and the forcible destruction of its cause, slavery.

We think that the Copperheads will soon learn this truth, should they obtain the control of the government. The question then will arise, how will they walk in its light? Will they accept the alternative of war and endeavor to whip their darlings into being good, with the promise of the black sugar-plumb, afterwards, if they will only behave themselves? Or will they succumb to the froward children and let them have their own way for the sake of domestic peace? We think we can foresee divided counsels and discordant action, following swiftly after victory at the polls. But which will prevail? In either case of one thing we may be sure, that the slaves will be sacrificed. In case the rebels are conquered by the strong arm and reduced to obedience, we may be assured that slavery will receive no detriment. The "wayward sisters" will be welcomed back again with open arms, with their sable handmaidens in their train. Magnanimity and generosity will be the watchwords of that happy time, and Mr. Seward himself could not be more ready to kill the fatted calf for the returning prodigals than Gen. McClellan. The President's proclamation of Emancipation will be treated as so much waste paper, and the wounds of slavery will have all the oil and wine poured into them that the Copperhead Samaritans can muster. Even our victories will thus be made to minister to our defeat. But the other alternative is the more probable one. If the rebels can hold out long enough to make the war last over in force until a Copperhead Administration comes into power, we apprehend that the ostensible object of the rebellion will be conceded. We say "the ostensible object," for we do not believe that separation was the real purpose of the *coup d' état* of 1861, but the conquest of the North through the Northern allies of the rebels. Three years of bloody war, the devastation of their country, the decimation of their population, must have taught them that even a Copperhead victory at the polls can insure them no such triumph, now. Though they might accept amnesty and reward at the hands of the Copperheads, if they could not help themselves, they will look upon it as an acknowledgment of defeat, to accept, after all their losses, what they might have had without them. They will extort their independence, if they can do it. And it is by no means impossible that they may, if a friendly President is at the head of our affairs.

The moral of all this is that no man who believes that the future prosperity and glory of the country depends, first, on the Abolition of slavery, and, secondly, on the preservation of the territorial Union of the States, should fail to do all that his hands and mind can find to do to prevent the Copperhead success, which will certainly disappoint one, and probably both of these grounds of hope. Above all, Abolitionists should see to it that they are not led away by their passions or their prejudices—even by their just and reasonable disapprobations—to do what must conduce to so fatal a result. Bribery, intimidation, violence, every vile and wicked means will be resorted to for the comfort and assistance of the enemies of their country and the common enemy of the human race. It will be a fearful contest. And its result will be claimed, and not unjustly, as the triumph of Liberty or Slavery, according as one or the other candidate prevails. Let every man be persuaded in his own mind, but let him pray that he be not led by the devices of his own mind to his own ruin and that of his country.

### *THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.*

THE "National Democratic Convention," called for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States, assembled at Chicago on Monday last. It was called to order by August Belmont, the Democrat (!) whose humble Newport "turn-out" is described on the fourth page. Ex-Gov. Bigler, temporary President, on taking the chair, made a brief Copperhead speech. The usual Committees having been appointed, the Convention adjourned till Tuesday.

On Tuesday morning, Gov. Seymour of New York was chosen President of the Convention, and on taking the chair he made a speech full of Copperhead abuse of the Administration and of apologies for Rebellion and Treason. Later in the day the Committee on Resolutions reported, and their report was adopted, as follows:

THE PLATFORM.

Resolved, That in the future, as in the past, we will adhere with unswerving fidelity to the Union under the Constitution, as the only solid foundation of our strength, security and happiness as a people, and as a frame-work of government equally conducive to the welfare and prosperity of all the States, both Northern and Southern.

Resolved, That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity or War Power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate Convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that, at the earliest practicable moment, peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States.

Resolved, That the direct interference of the military authority of the United States in the recent elections held in Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri and Delaware, was a shameful violation of the Constitution, and a repetition of such acts in the approaching election will be held as revolutionary, and resisted with all the means and power under our control.

Resolved, That the aim and object of the Democratic party is to preserve the Federal Union and the rights of the States unimpaired, and they hereby declare that they consider the administrative usurpation of extraordinary and dangerous powers not granted by the Constitution, the subversion of the civil by military law in States not in insurrection, the arbitrary military arrest, imprisonment, trial and sentence of American citizens in States where civil law exists in full force, the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press, the denial of the right of asylum, the open and avowed disregard of State rights, the employment of unusual test oaths, and the interference with and denial of the right of the people to bear arms, as calculated to prevent a restoration of the Union and the perpetuation of a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed.

Resolved, That the shameful disregard of the Administration to its duty in respect to our fellow-citizens who now and long have been prisoners of war in a suffering condition, deserves the severest reprobation on the score alike of public and common humanity.

Resolved, That the sympathy of the Democratic party is heartily and earnestly extended to the soldiery of our army who are, and have been, in the field, under the flag of our country, and in the event of our attaining power, they will receive all the care, protection, regard and kindness that the brave soldiers of the republic have so nobly earned.

The business of nominating candidates was next in order, but a debate between the friends and the opponents of Gen. McClellan occupied the Convention till dark. On Wednesday morning, however, he was nominated as the candidate for President, receiving 202½ votes to 23½ for Thomas H. Seymour.

George H. Pendleton of Ohio was nominated as the candidate for Vice-President.

We have not space this week for comment upon the proceedings of the Convention, and must leave our readers for the present to their own reflections.

### *ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.*

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

I HAVE recently completed a successful lecturing tour in Northern New York and Western Vermont. The attendance has generally been good, the attention and interest excellent. I desire to express special acknowledgments for efficient coöperation and much personal kindness, to the Smiths and to Rev. Mr. Thacher of Peru, to Messrs. Wing and Lansing of Plattsburg, and to Rowland T. Robinson of Ferrisburg, Vt.

Though the energies of the people in every locality were heavily taxed, and were generally vigorously exerted, to meet, in money and men, the demands of the government, there was little special excitement in relation either to military or political affairs. A somewhat discouraged feeling seemed generally prevalent in regard to the pending military campaign, and the same feeling was more or less apparent among Unionists in respect to present political aspects. "Copperheads" were in a moderate degree jubilant, loud in their praises of McClellan, though not yet fully able to affirm whether they were for "peace" or war. The party adherents to the Cleveland Democracy were very limited in numbers.

The dissenters from Mr. Lincoln, however, are numerous, and by no means uninfluential. They embrace some of the foremost of our best type of public men, not factionists, who foresee continued military embarrassment from the injustice of Mr. Lincoln's persistent refusal to give adequate protection to the colored soldiery, now an important wing of the service, and who also rightly apprehend serious and troublesome political complications from the President's shiftless and unstatesmanlike plan of reconstruction. His action in regard to the Reconstruction Bill had the effect of a "wet blanket" upon a large number of his most important supporters. It will not be greatly surprising if it cost him his reëlection. That bill, important in its chief features, had a fatal defect in ignoring negro suffrage.

The nation's safety, now as hitherto, is to be found in the prevalence of an *overwhelming public opinion* which, with righteous purpose, shall direct, or impeach, whoever may be President, to the end that liberty and equality may prevail throughout the land.

AARON M. POWELL.

THEODORE D. WELD will give familiar lectures on Mental and Moral Training, and take charge of Composition and Recitation, in Dr. Dio Lewis's new School for Young Ladies in Lexington, Mass.

## THE LATE JOHN HOPPER.

## ADDRESS DELIVERED AT HIS FUNERAL.

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

MY FRIENDS: A sadder service than this I have never been called to; the funeral of one foremost among my truest, most constant and dearest personal friends, among the most affectionate and faithful of my parishioners. And yet, never came I to a service of this kind with a more serene faith, a more unclouded hope, a more entire satisfaction as I review the life of my friend and invite the All Holy and All Searching eyes to look down into my heart as I speak about it. It is just one week to-day since, on the eve of leaving town for the Summer, I was in his office, to have some friendly talk with him before I went, and never did he seem stronger; never more cheerful, never more vital, never more affectionate, never more interested in all that was going on in the social and humane world than then. The day before yesterday at Cambridge a dispatch was put into my hands, saying that he had gone. Overwork, overmuch care, overmuch anxiety, exposure to the terrific and tropical sun of this season had worn too much upon the strength that had been spent so freely before, and had hastened the attack which might have come sooner or later, but which none of us supposed could come so soon. In a moment, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, as he had spoken two or three endearing words to his little boy, he fell back and was a dead man. And yet we must not think even so sudden a death as this premature or unexpected. Nothing in Providence is premature, nothing under Providence is unexpected. God always foresees. God always anticipates. For everything there is an immediate cause, and a cause behind the cause, and another cause behind that, and when our friend came into this world doubtless the sealed orders for his departure were deposited in his heart. He always wished to go as he went; he always believed that he should go as he went; he always said that with his earnest and ardent and fervid nature such an end was the most likely. In fact, for some years past, he had been ready. More than once he had said to me, "My friend, he is no wise man that does not know and surely feel that any day and any hour his hour may come. There is no security in apparent health, there is no security in apparent vigor; we do not know, any of us, from what quarter the stroke may come, but it may come at any moment"; and he was ready. And yet how hard to believe that he would meet with a sudden death, how hard to believe that he could meet with any death; so vital, so intense, so full of energy, so restless, so impatient, doing everything that was required of him and doing a thousandfold more, his energy running out in a thousand unexpected channels. It seemed to me as if he never could be tired, it seemed to me as if he only cast off his superfluous energy; he must walk when others would ride, and run when others would walk. Did you come to him for advice, instead of giving advice he undertook to do your work; did you ask him to do a little thing for you, he did a great thing for you; did you ask him to do you a little favor, he conferred a great obligation without thinking of it. He was ready to do his own work exactly, punctually, point by point, down to the minutest detail, forgetting nothing, slurring nothing, and then he was ready for your work, my work, or any other that was to be done. It seemed to me as if there was no exhausting his power. I sometimes wondered whether he ever slept. So overpowering was this energy that he would even overflow his friends with his activity, and there was somewhat that was absolutely overbearing and tyrannical in his good will. He could scarcely allow you to take your work out of his hands; he was so anxious to do you a service, that he would almost consider it a wrong for you to do your own work in your own way. And yet I have never known a man whose respect for the individual character of each one of his friends was so clear, so true, so firm, and constant; never did I know a man whose activities seemed so to overflow and bear away the individuality of his friends, who so indignantly resented the least intrusion upon that most sacred and solemn part of every man, which is his own holy personality. Here is one key to some most important secrets of his character. He knew a true man; he honored the man who was sincere, who was self-centered, who stood by himself, who took no man's word and the word of no number of men against his own soul. He honored the man, and he honored the woman who, independent, free, brave, dared to stand aloof and work alone, and live alone; would take obscurity, would take poverty, indignity, persecution, scorn, without flinching and without complaint. He had no end of respect and love for such a person, and no end of hostility, aversion, and scorn, and antipathy toward everything that hampered, and thwarted, and limited, and cramped, that interfered with the true action of the individual human person. He had no patience with limitation or constraint; he demanded that the man should be free in every faculty, in every part of his nature, from the top to the bottom. He believed in individual freedom to grow to its span, to develop, to live, and so how he hated all exclusiveness, how he hated all narrowness, all impinging prejudice, all monopolies! How he hated everything like servility, how he hated all those institutions that took the individual out of himself and sank him in the mass of the people! How he abhorred, with the whole power of his nature, slavery of all sorts, for all sorts of men, simply because it limited their faculties and bound them down to another will. Not only had he inherited from his great and noble father that hatred of the institution of slavery to which he was true to the end of his life; but it was born in him, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, and soul of his soul, and when this war broke out he at once and with all the ardor of his impetuous nature, with the fullness of his conviction, the weight of his will, the capacity of his intelligence, and the warmness and fervor of his heart, entered into it as if it was the cause of every woman and child in the land. Not of the small or great men, of the white or the black, but of every individual human creature in all this country, he believed that this was the battle. He only knew how freely he opened his purse and let the contents flow out. I know, as some of his intimate friends know, how he worked in unnumbered ways; how, through scores of invisible currents, the stream of his bounty flowed out to the needs of the sick soldier in the hospital and to the well soldier in the camp; how for all sorts of provisions for our army he was giving, giving all the time; how in the darkest hour he had full faith; how he gathered himself up in the strength of his own heart, and with a stern and manly patience bore the brunt of the storm.

And while he thus resented all attempts upon the sanctity of the individual person, he had no toleration for that class of men who allowed their own individuality to be bought, to be put up in the market. Above all he hated the Pharisee. Love as much as he did human nature, that love became an inverted love and turned into scorn and wrath, a holy and a grand, a heavenly and a Christian wrath, when he thought of the Pharisee. The man who set himself up before his fellows, the man who put his fellow under his heel, the man who said, "I am greater than you, I am wiser than you, I am better than you, I am more virtuous than you, I am holier than you," the pretender, the sham, the man of hollow and glittering outside, he spoke of in words so large that his mouth could not frame them into articulate speech, and his lips became dumb and palsied when he spoke of such. I know he was sometimes inclined to suspect Phariseeism where it was not, and to judge a little harshly of some men who were better than he thought; but I remembered that he had been trained in a very hard school, and that he had seen human nature in its most repulsive form, and if any man had any right to doubt, it was he who had been brought up to the sight of sin and misery, and guilt and turpitude. He had seen human nature falling and disgracing itself utterly, and when I heard him sometimes pour out his most scathing wrath, I could only sit dumb, and wish that I had ever loved enough to give me the privilege to be so grandly angry as he was.

In my friend I found what is so very rare in this world, a profound respect and admiration, and love of human nature, of simple, pure, unadorned human nature. Not of this class of men nor of that class of men, nor of this sort of woman nor of that sort, but of man and of woman, and of that which is deeper than man and woman—humanity, the common God-born, God-given nature that is the sanctity and blessedness and hope of us all. He saw that, he saw it always, he revered it, he honored it, he went down on his knees to it, he loved it, he poured out his blessings freely upon it. No color of the skin, no color of the coat, no color of the human circumstances, no guise or disguise of fortune ever concealed from that man's eye the deep humanity of the person's nature. It is easy for us to see what passes for human nature in the great, in the noble, in the wealthy, in the cultivated. He was less likely than most, perhaps, to see it there, but he saw it where only one in ten thousand men or women ever succeed in seeing it; he saw it in its rags; he saw it in the poor man; he saw it in the black man; he saw it in the unfortunate; he saw it in those who were the scorned and spurned of the world; he saw it in the outcast, in the distressed, in the squalid. Never, as long as I live, shall I forget—never, as long as you live, will you forget, you who knew it—how he took that little boy, that little, crooked boy, away from Randall's Island; that little outcast boy, that little weed, that miserable little rag of humanity—how he took him into his house and home; how he honored him and respected him there; how he sheltered him and covered him up from all disgrace; how he would allow nobody inside or outside his house to look upon that poor little boy as other than God's child, in the full image of God; how he gave him everything that he could have, everything that he could enjoy; how he put him in the way of every privilege; how he lavished upon him the wealth of his heart; and now this afternoon we shall lay our brother in the grave, with that little boy, and he will be taken into the kingdom with that little boy in his bosom. Oh, my friends, I would rather go into the Great Presence holding such a little crooked boy in my hands than I would go clothed in all the whiteness of the angels. But it was not the unfortunate only; he loved the vicious only more than he loved the unfortunate. He saw the woman in the Magdalen; he saw the man in the thief, who had everything against him, and all the accidents of his own nature also. He would take the boy up out of the gutter, send him to school, give him an education, put him in an office, and further him in life, and never say a word to him afterward about it. He believed in man and woman; he believed that the Divine Spirit came to human nature in man and woman; he truly believed that there was that in the lowest and poorest and vilest, as we call them, of men and women, that, if opened freely to the light and air and the touch of God's spirit, would revive and save them, and bring them into peace. He had full faith in God's will: he believed that if we could but love God's children with but one-thousandth part of the love that God has for these children, this world would be an Eden. And what power of love the man had! how it welled out of him, how it overflowed! All his friends he made angels, and loved them as if they were. All whom he loved he glorified, and then made them glorify themselves. One was always inclined to hide his head when John Hopper spoke about him, and yet one always went away lifting his head a little higher because he thought that John Hopper honestly and earnestly and sincerely could speak so about him.

Freely he cast his bread upon the waters, upon all the waters, not asking whether it were likely to come back to him in many days or not, and some of it never did come back. Of course a great deal of that bounty was lavished upon unworthy objects, and a great deal of that precious elixir sunk into sand; but he never would concede that a single drop was lost, or could be. He believed that what was done with a true spirit, and what was given out of a true heart did its work, and went to its place, and I believe so too. But the dear God, when he gave this man his large, rich, wealthy heart of love, gave him also a subtle discernment and power of seeing into men and their motives which saved him from any fatal error, or any fatal misbestowment of his gifts. Well did that man see whether it was worth his while to give his love or to withhold his love, and I believe in the whole course of his experience, lavishly as he bestowed himself, he seldom bestowed himself utterly unworthily. Oh, what love it was! Well may I say it here, for here are men and women of all conditions, and poor men whom he has helped, and rich men whom he has befriended; here are the educated, the wise and the simple; here are those who basked in the warm sunlight, here are those who felt the ardor of his spirit, and here are those whom he took up in his arms when they were feeble and poor and gathered them into his bosom. And, outside, what multitudes there are off at the very confines of our country, off in California, off in the West, down in the armies, down here in the low places of our city, men and women, each one of whom could tell his or her story about John Hopper's goodness, fidelity, and principle. Of course he had his prejudices, all strong men have; of course he had his antipathies, all strong men of deep convictions have; of course he had his enemies, all good men have, and I think he made his enemies by his firmness, by his constancy, by his outspokenness, by the unqualified and stern way in which he fought for the truth unto death, and faced all those that stood in his way.

Well, he is gone, and we shall never more hear that firm step or see that sturdy figure on the street; and the poor can no longer come to him, and the weak can no longer take his hand. How many will feel that they have lost their only friend! How many will feel that their strengthener, that their guide is gone! But, my friends, God never taketh away; He always giveth. The Old Book says: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away." I would mend it by saying, the Lord giveth, giveth, giveth. He takes away a form, and gives a spirit; He takes away the presence, and gives a memory and a hope; He takes away a friend, and gives an angel; He takes away the support of an earthly home, and gives the pledge of a heavenly one beyond it; He takes away the objects of time, and gives eternity; He takes away the uses of the material and of the fleshly, and gives the great hereafter of blessed life; He takes one who walks by our side—He gives us a spirit that is with us here, everywhere and every day, that never leaves the door, that is always sitting in the chair, that is always filling the chamber, that is always bestowing gifts. The Lord takes away the dust, the form, the touch, the embrace, and gives to us the whole human nature, a fresh revelation of power, and truth, and greatness, and goodness, that was concealed from us by this fine transparency of the flesh. God gives us Death—the great revealer, the great restorer, the true and beautiful friend, who tells us what our friends were, and how dear they were, and how good and how blessed they were, and awakes in our hearts that dear, deep longing which is the earnest of the immortal life. And now that my friend has gone, he has not gone; I shall never see him more with my eyes, but I shall always see him with my spirit; I shall never touch him with my fingers, but I shall always touch him with my faith; I shall never ask his advice, but I shall have that spirit of his with me which will be better than his advice. We speak of immortality; there are many immortalities. For such a man as he immortality is not on the other side the grave; it is on this side. An immortality in the heart of his wife and of his child, and of his brother and sister, and of his nieces, and all those who loved him and depended upon him; an immortality in the love of those into whom he has put his love, in the memory of those whom he has helped, in the virtue of those whom he has adorned and kindled, an immortality wherever he has lived. That life does not go out, on the contrary, it stirs in the spots where he worked, the place where he enjoyed, the world he loved. And there is his own personal immortality, we believe that, too. All our modern thought, all our modern study, goes to deepen more and more the natural conviction that this individualty of ours is imperishable, that this personality of ours can never die. No, it is not tradition any more, it is not something we read in an old book, it is not something that we take by the eye of faith; science with its inexorable laws is coming forward now, and I believe will indeed bring to full demonstration the old faith in a personal immortality. I believe it. He has left himself here, he has taken us away with him to the beyond. Nothing that has truly lived perishes; there is no death to truth, to wisdom, to aspiration; there is no decay to love. It may take a hundred forms, but it will preserve a strong consistency, and the root that is planted here in the earth will grow and grow until it puts on immortality. It may ripen here, but it will flower in the great world that is to come. Let us not think that God dies when our friend dies, or that the hand of Providence is closed when our friend's hand drops. Dear friends, let us not be so short-sighted and foolish as to imagine that, outside the horizon that bounds our eye-sight, there is no eternal law, no infinite spirit, no endless love, no perfect goodness, no never-ceasing thought. Out of that hand of God we can never drop; if our bark sink, 'tis to another sea, and that sea is the ocean of Divine immensity. Let us, O friends, with manly heart, with cheerfulness, with joy and triumph, stand by the remains of our dearly beloved brother. If he was brave, let us be brave; if he was true, let us try to strengthen ourselves; if he has helped us, let us return the grace by helping our brother as he helped us; and may the spirit that went with him to the end go also to the end with us, that we, too, may meet the inevitable hour and say it is blessed.

### *VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF JOHN BROWN.*

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

WHILE journeying recently in Northern New York, I visited with special interest the former home and the grave of "Old John Brown." North Elba is surrounded by the wildest of the Adirondack mountains. It is most easily reached by landing at Port Kent, on the west shore of Lake Champlain, opposite Burlington. From Port Kent there is a good stage road to Keeseville, thence to Jay and Wilmington, and an added ten miles drive through the grandest of mountain scenery takes one through "The Notch," and a dense, uninhabited wilderness, to the little settlement of North Elba. This settlement consists of half a dozen diminutive houses and barns. Two miles farther on, leaving the main road, crossing an open field, and penetrating a forest of original growth, we reach the John Brown homestead. The house and barn are of moderate size, plain and unpainted. In the yard near the house is a rock of huge proportions. By the side of this rock lies buried the body of the distinguished martyr, whose name has become a household word, and whose "soul is marching on." The grave is marked by a plain granite slab, formerly used to designate the burial-place of Capt. John Brown, the grandfather of the hero of Harper's Ferry. Upon this stone are the following inscriptions:

In Memory of Capt. JOHN BROWN, who died at New York, Sept. ye 3, 1776, in the 48 year of his age.

JOHN BROWN, Born May 9, 1800, was executed at Charlestown, Va., Dec. 2, 1859.

OLIVER BROWN, Born May 9, 1839, was killed at Harper's Ferry, Oct. 17, 1859.

In Memory of FREDERICK, son of JOHN and DIANTHE BROWN, Born Dec. 31, 1830, and murdered at Ossawatomie, Kansas, Aug. 30, 1856, for his adherence to the cause of Freedom.

WATSON BROWN, Born Oct. 7, 1835, was wounded at Harper's Ferry, Oct. 17, and died Oct. 19, 1859.

The humble stone inscribed as above will have a sacred place in American history. A few rose-bushes surround the grave. The grave and the rock are enclosed by a plain board fence.

The homestead is completely surrounded by the finest of the mountain and forest scenery for which the Adirondack region is so justly celebrated. "The Notch" through which we pass in approaching North Elba is a mountain pass, unsurpassed for grandeur by anything of its kind on the continent.

Mrs. Brown, Salmon Brown and wife, Anna, Ellen and Sarah, who continued to occupy the homestead until within a few months, have left to seek another and more eligible home in California. They undertook the journey via the overland route, taking with them some cattle and Vermont fine-wooled sheep.

There is a painful rumor, not yet fully confirmed, that, after leaving Missouri, it having been ascertained that they were John Brown's family, they were pursued by Missouri guerillas, captured, robbed and murdered. Nothing would be more natural than, once known to the Missourians of the guerilla order, they should be thus victimized. Though considerable time has elapsed since there has been any direct intelligence from the party, it is still hoped that the distressing rumor may not find confirmation.

The homestead is at present occupied by Mr. Hinckley, a brother of Salmon Brown's wife. Though not of the Harper's Ferry party, he was deeply in sympathy with the anti-slavery purpose of the old man whose grave he now has the care of. I was informed by Mr. Hinckley that, during the present season, many tourists, from various parts of the country, who have gone to the Saranac Lakes, and among the Adirondack mountains, have made a pilgrimage also to the grave of old John Brown. Thus does the nation begin to do honor to him, whom, so recently as '59 it crucified because he loved liberty too well.

The sword of John Brown proved weak and unavailing, but his conquering pen, wielded in the Charlestown prison, the world will not soon forget. That was a most potent weapon, inspired by an invincible moral purpose. Then all Virginia quaked and trembled as at no time since, with a McClellan and all his hosts upon her soil!

If to the immense contributions of treasure and men, made by the North during the last three years for the suppression of the rebellion, there had been added the John Brown PURPOSE, who doubts that the "Confederacy" would long ere this have been shattered, and with it all hope of preserving for slavery a foothold upon the continent? With John Brown the negro was a man, with the same inherent rights which belong to other men. Mr. Lincoln would not have the negro a slave, but he does not want him for a neighbor or a citizen, and does not believe the two races can dwell harmoniously and prosperously together. With this difference of belief, shared also by so many of Mr. Lincoln's constituents, the "Confederacy," instead of having been shattered, has become so far solidified that Jeff. Davis affects at least to smile at any proposition for peace, except such as shall come of independence.

AARON M. POWELL.

Burlington, Vt., Aug. 19, 1864.

### *ENCOURAGING LETTER FROM ENGLAND.*

THE following letter from the Rev. EDMUND KELL, of Southampton, Eng., having been kindly placed in our hands by the beloved friend to whom it is addressed, with liberty to print it in whole or in part as we may judge best, we hasten to lay it before our readers, being sure that they will all be more than glad to see it:

PORTSWOOD LAWN, SOUTHAMPTON, Aug. 8, 1864.

DEAR SIR: I beg to thank you for various copies of the Syracuse papers, and your other very acceptable communications on the anti-slavery movement, now so pregnant with interesting details. My heart responds to every advance made, and I entertain no shadow of doubt that the present conflict will end in the complete extirpation of the monster evil of slavery from your shores. The efforts of those so laudably employed in the education of the colored race and their comfortable settlement in industrial homes of their own, exceed, as far as I can judge—at all events equal—the most philanthropic labors ever carried on by any class of laborers for the good of their fellow-men, and their memories will be handed down to a grateful posterity with the names of the Howards, the Clarksons, the Wilberforces and the Frys of the Mother Country. I quite concur with the masses of my fellow-countrymen that President Lincoln is right in persisting in the policy of not listening to any overtures of reconciliation from the Southern States which do not include the *entire abolition of slavery*. The rebellion had its origin in the man-robbing system of slavery, and never will the Commonwealth be safe whilst this most monstrous of all crimes is tolerated in any shape. To enable 300,000 idle robbers of other men's labor to live in abandoned sloth and sensuality has all this enormous sacrifice of human life taken place, and on these despicable beings rests all the culpability of the prolonged miseries of the war. How little can their so called President and the other guilty conspirators against the Union understand in what execration their conduct will be held wherever the history of this rebellion is read, not only by the present but future generations!

I am glad the President of the Union has shown his noble nature in the entertainment lately given at his mansion to negro children. Depend on it that *this* is the true policy of the Union. Treat the negro population in *all respects* as you treat *every other citizen*. It is a fine, noble race—superior, mentally and physically, to most of the Asiatic races—and endowed with some of the rarest good qualities of our common nature. In my profession formerly of schoolmaster, which I united to that of minister, I had four of the colored race from Trinidad as boarders in my house; they associated with my other boarders on perfectly equal terms—slept in the same rooms—ate at the same table—played at the same sports—and learned the same lessons (which included Greek and Latin) as their fellow-scholars, and gained as many prizes for scholarship and good conduct as the rest. So great is my regard for this branch of the human family, and so profound my grief for the cruelty with which it has been treated by my own section of the children of God, that I believe if I at present were to see two human beings in equal need of my assistance, I should offer my aid

*first* to the *colored* man. Happily, in this country, we have not that objection to color which has so often prevailed in the United States, and has given rise to the wicked diatribes of our Tory Press, that the North were worse than the South in their treatment of the negro, and I rejoice from the publications you so kindly send me to feel that the growth of friendly regard for the colored has been so vastly rapid since this war, which I would call "*the Anti-Slavery War*," for such it is. And you should call out still more the energies of this noble race to contend for their *own liberty*. There is no reason why, if this is fully done, you may not have men emulating the Wallaces, the Tells, the Kosciuskos of the old continent. And never could there be a more righteous or more glorious cause for a people to be engaged in than in winning the freedom of their country from the 300,000 land-owners who violate their hearths and their homesteads, and who would wrest from them the dearest of all human rights—the liberty to employ their labor as they see fit. Whatever may be said of interference from other quarters, no man living can deny the right of the slave to liberate himself from his cruel master the moment God shall give him the opportunity, and, if needed, in the effort to punish the violator of his household by expulsion. This has been the dictate of humanity in all ages and countries. It is to the efforts of the slave for his own freedom that you should more and more look in this contest for liberty; and in every respect should the colored race now be put on an equality with regard to army and civic *distinctions* with the rest of the community.

I shall be glad to hear from you if you have any sentiments you wish to be conveyed to the English people, and will take pains that whatever you may wish to send shall be placed in some influential newspaper. I am sorry the postage between England and the United States continues so extravagantly dear. It partly hinders you from receiving letters from the *masses* of the people, and keeps you in ignorance of our real sentiments of sympathy with you. The postage between the two countries is, considering the facility of transport, the dearest of any postage with which I am acquainted, and you should kindly try to procure an alteration. The movement must come from *your* side the water. Our governing powers do not care about lowering this cost—6*d* ought to cover the charge.

Accept the assurance of my hearty sympathy in this great emancipation struggle, and believe me, dear sir, with best wishes, yours, most faithfully,

Rev. Samuel J. May. Edmund Kell.

## *A LETTER TO A FRIEND.*

Elmira Water-Cure, Aug., 1864.

My Dear E——: You ought to know something of this delightful health establishment. It has the fine advantage of location, high up on a hill-side, commanding a wide and charming prospect of the Chemung Valley, where the pretty village of Elmira lies, and of the grand and wooded hills that enclose it like a vast amphitheatre. This landscape, all-glorified by the heavenly light of day, or made soft and silvery by the lovely 'Queen of Night,' is a perpetual joy to me. The long, sheltered piazzas give an easy range of walk, even to an invalid, at every point of which the soul is feasted with the out-spread beauty of nature, viewed from this height as from a battlement. Standing here enjoying the great blue sky above, the storm-clouds, the gorgeous sunsets that lower and flush and glow, fresh from the hand of the Creator, would make Mr. Garrison devoutly exclaim, "These are thy works, Parent of good!"

The wood-paths in the wild and romantic Glen, so near, behind the Cure, invite to many a ramble among the pines, maples, oaks, chestnut, walnut and poplars grouped together here, with all their variously patterned foliage, in rare miscellany. This hot August sun brings out the aromatic fragrance of the pines, ripens the black berries, opens the yellow flowers of the Gerardia, and we greet again our New England acquaintance in the leaves of the May flower and the dark green laurel bushes. How content you, dear E., would find yourself here—you who so dearly prize health, that so sweetens the cup of existence—that colors so highly the picture of life!

The genius of the place is, freedom in order. A prevailing cheerfulness, instead of unhealthy, forced exitement, is the tone of society here. And there must be extraordinary gifts of mind as well as graces of spirit in Mrs. Dr. Gleason, that can keep the wave of life so gently rocking under a hundred invalids, gathered from California and Kansas to Washington and New Bedford. You would admire and reverence Mrs. Gleason for her noble life of conscience, sympathy and devotion to the best good of all about her. She has eminently the true physician's aim to touch and quicken the springs of health through the higher life of the soul. It is the Divine method, you know, to require *faith* in those who would be healed. And hundreds who come here go away with a holier baptism than that of water. Women return to their homes to give them a more sacred dignity for what they have learned here.

"Not to ease and aimless quiet,
But to works of love and duty,
Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil,
And besetting sin."

Nowhere else will you find a more tender, home-like atmosphere, from Dr. and Mrs. Gleason down through all their numerous family of matron, housekeeper, bath-attendants and table-girls, to Patrick, the stableman for years, who makes the great fires, and in his Sunday coat, greets you civilly in your walk. Katie, the head bath-woman, does you as much good with her warm Irish heart, as by the laying on of her healing, magnetic hands, as many an aching sufferer will gladly and gratefully tell. She is one of the humble heroines of life that do honor to human nature, and deserves to have it written, "Her name was Faithful."

"Would that my spirit witness bore me,
That like this woman I had done
The work my Maker set before me
Duly from morn to set of sun."

The 'healthful play' of Dr. Watts's Child's Hymn is not neglected here. Entertainments, games and music have their appropriate time and place.

One evening, when there were charades and tableux in the great parlor, "Rebekah at the Stake!" was announced, and the curtain rose upon the colored cook over a beef steak on the gridiron—her face as bright and happy as little Dellie Gleason's a few moments afterward, appearing as "The Flower of the Family" sprinkling the white flour daintily from her finger tips into the great wooden flour bowl. The household misses one animated countenance and active form from its circle.

Miss Brooks (Mrs. Gleason's only sister) has just sailed for Germany, followed by all our best wishes.

A pleasing feature of this Cure is the morning prayer and sweet hymn in the palor—and when the venerable father prays that as the mountains are encaped round about Jerusalem, so may the angels of God's presence be about us, we think of the higher hills about Elmira and rejoice that the love and protection of the Infinite Father is as near us as it ever was to the royal singer of Israel in his ancient city. Time is nothing with God. Especially glad were we to-day to hear sainted Theodore Parker's favorite—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!"

You would find it curious to see forlorn, distressed nervous-looking people arrive, who, like Mr. Bounderly, seem never to have had "a single comfortable sensation in their lives," yet after a few days of the soothing, smoothing and solacing influences of the powers of this quiet, peaceful Cure, appear quite tractable and mildly disposed. The change is as wonderful and magical as Mr. Rarey produces on fractious equines. They are soon able to enjoy the daily exercise with dumb-bells, rings and wands, to time and music of the piano—and join in the lively evening dance in the Exercise Hall.

There is a Danish lady here who went to Latin School with Hans Christian Anderson, and saw Thorwalsden when he was welcomed from Italy back to Copenhagen. She told me she studied the faces of strangers, "and when you came, I thought you was a missionary, your face was such." I replied I had been for the last ten years trying to tell the people of this country, how wicked and disgraceful it was in them to sell human beings like cattle—to forbid their learning to read, and not pay them wages for their work—to rob them of Freedom. "Yes," she responded, "all that is certainly very wrong, but are you not afraid if those people have their liberty, they will be a very *sassy* nation?" I couldn't help laughing at this objection to Freedom, so naively expressed in foreigners' English, and answered, "The white people are a 'very *sassy* nation.' No nation can be *sassier* than they, selling their own children—burning men before a slow fire—hunting women with fierce blood-hounds, etc., etc."

An evening later I was urged to give an Anti-slavery lecture in the public parlor. I gladly used the occasion to speak of prejudice against the negro—and felt, as I always do, if what I could say would lessen, but one drop, the hateful, cruel prejudice against color, the hour was consecrated.

Rev. Mr. De Lange addded this very striking thought to the consideration of the company. The Savior of the world came of a race and nation that had been *slaves* for 400 years in Africa—and it was his conviction from all he could learn of that period of their history, they were more degraded than the African slaves in our land to-day. This comment was forcible, coming from one who was himself born a Jew.

An intelligent Austrian lady staying here was once at Graefenberg—the cradle of Water-Cure—and knew Preisnitz. She knew something of Austrian despotism, as the mere possession of a History of some revolution in Poland brought suspicion upon her house in Vienna, and a visit from the Government Police. As she related the story with flashing eye and noble spirit, I involuntarily cast my eye over the row of lights, that at night show where ten thousand *rebel* prisoners are guarded by gun and bayonet from murderous fighting for the same odious tyranny that sends into exile, or incarcerates in filthy jails, men and women in this country for having a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin or a Narrative of Frederick Douglass. And I rejoice in the hope that out of the agony of our storm of blood and groans and tears, will surely come the nation's healing from the crime and curse of slavery.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

"Oh! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!"

The Hon. Asher Tyler's daughters, our friends in the village, have kindly shown us everything of interest about the military life here. At the Soldiers' Home, to which they are devoted in the noblest spirit of patriotism, we, for the first time, saw wounds received in the cause of Freedom. This Home has relieved a vast amount of suffering. With these earnest, efficient ladies we visited the new, clean Hospital, and were truly thankful for the comforts there provided for the sick and wounded. They took us to Col. Prevost's headquarters to see the dress parade of the Invalid Corps of Veterans, brave men who have been "stormed at with shot and shell" on many a bloody field. Their duty now is to guard rebel prisoners in Elmira.

Very sincerely, Sallie Holley.

## Our Boston Correspondence.

Boston, August 29th, 1864.

A magistrate once replied to men who were urging him to misuse his authority in their favor—If it be a question of words, and names, and traditions, look ye to it; for I will be no judge of such matters.

Gallio seems to have been a man of rare good sense. The wise are always few in number. The majority of men now, as in his time, are readily taken captive by the power of words, and names, and customs.

Some one has said that the adjective is the natural enemy of the substantive. Allowing it to be so with the intelligent, it remains true that the mass of men judge in a manner directly opposite, and think a style rich and expressive precisely in proportion to its affluence in adjectives.

When we come to practical life, the case is still stronger. A substantive cannot dispose of itself in the market, or get its merits acknowledged, or so much as looked at, without the help of an adjective; and experienced caterers for the public taste supply two or three of them. Look at the shop-windows—at the placards on the walls—at the advertising columns of newspapers. These people know what pays; know what influence draws the majority of customers; they bait freely with adjectives, and find their account in it. An unmeaning, tautological, or otherwise superfluous epithet is better than none; but an extravagant or absurd adjective stands the best chance to make the fortune of its substantive.

Why do the sellers of tea, sugar and spice write over their doors "Family Groceries"? Are there any sorts of groceries *not* used by families?

Some one who wished a better sale for his soap advertised it as "Indexical Soap." Finding this name successful, he went further in the same direction, and now offers to the public "Indexical Silver Soap," and "Indexical Star Honey Soap." The purchasers of the last named article certainly get a good deal for their money.

In the heats of Summer there is a great demand for Soda Water; the price being raised in these times, the sale would naturally diminish; but they call it "Arctic Soda," and "Ice-cream Soda," and sell as much as ever.

Gold is always attractive. No doubt the sellers of "Golden Ale" and "Golden Bitters" find their account in the use of that word.

It is possible, however, to go too far in that direction. One person rushed into the extravagance of advertising for sale "Diamond Pearl Tooth Powder" and "Diamond Pearl Tooth Brushes." This was too much for the credulity of the public. The inventor was obliged to come nearer the region of probability before selling his wares. This, however, is an exceptional case.

Since medicine, like theology, is generally taken on trust, and received by faith without knowledge, the irregular practitioners of it can launch fearlessly into whatever extravagance of designation or pretension they please. We have in Boston an "Analytical Physician," whose cures (if he makes any) are effected by "Analytical Medicines"; and of late we have seen, displayed at length through a whole newspaper column, the advertisement of a "Metaphysical Physician," offering a "Metaphysical Discovery" as the infallible cure for several groups of diseases.

There has long been in this city a "Practical Plumber." Perhaps, in humble imitation of the Doctor last mentioned, some one may yet advertise himself as a Theoretical Plumber.

At the door of a blacksmith's establishment it is announced—"Horses shod here on scientific principles"; and the name of the scientific operator is followed by these words—"Diplomatique Veterinary Surgeon."

The door of another workman, in another locality, bears this sign—"Serpentine Spring Auxiliators." What particular purpose the instruments in question are designed to auxiliate is not clear to your correspondent. But the name doubtless answers its purpose with somebody.

Most of the jugglers who visit us now-a-days call themselves "Prestidigitators." One hair-dresser proclaims himself a "Dermatologist," and another advertises his "Pathological Hair Renovator."

Customs and traditional observances keep their hold upon the community as firmly as words and names. The conductors of the papers called "religious" have often recommended prayer as an appropriate and sufficient means for putting an end to the present war, and this method has been extensively tried; so far, without obvious effect. A writer in last week's New York *Observer*, however, renews the proposition, suggesting, as the best means of obtaining peace, two daily prayer-meetings in every town, "conducted upon the plan of the Fulton street prayer meeting"; that is to say, including among other things, a prohibition of all mention in prayer or speech, of the subject of slavery. By the way, are the old placards—"NO CONTROVERTED TOPICS"—still hung up in the Fulton street and other prayer-meetings? If not, when were they discontinued? And *why* were they discontinued?

Materially, we are mending our ways in Boston; making the crooked places straighter, and giving a little additional breadth to some of our narrow streets. The change, now in progress, of Temple Place to a street, will do something to relieve the crowd on Washington street between West and Winter streets.

In any other than a material sense, perhaps we are *not* mending our ways. At least, signs of degeneracy are more obvious than of improvement. Is it possible for a Copperhead to grow worse? I really think it is possible. For example, the *Courier* is a law abiding paper (except when Abolitionists are to be mobbed) and a pious paper. Its phylacteries have long proclaimed it devoted, politically, to "the enforcement of the laws," and religiously, to the execution of the Sunday laws. Now, when a paper of such pretensions makes a business of advertising lotteries, and, still worse, of circulating the detestable advertisements of the practitioners of abortion (hitherto displayed chiefly in the *Herald*) it really seems to have plunged to a depth of infamy below its former one.

Just before a great Democratic movement, it is customary to find the air filled with all sorts of absurd and monstrous rumors. The last of these (at the time I write) is the announcement that President Lincoln has spontaneously proposed to withdraw from the Presidential contest. Such a step, if he should take it, would doubtless gratify many persons, and particularly the half-dozen gentlemen of this city whose correspondence with Gen. Fremont has just been published. They ask that gentleman whether, if President Lincoln would agree to withdraw from the canvass, he also would do so, giving to Republicans and reformers a chance to unite upon some third candidate. Gen. Fremont declines their proposal, and suggests another for their consideration. Meantime everybody waits to see the announcement of the Democratic programme. Then will come the tug of war.

While we, in this country, are practising destructive surgery on a gigantic scale, there comes to us from Paris the report of a discovery of immense importance in surgical science, namely, the successful union, by *suture*, of the ends of a divided nerve. This operation is said to have been performed on the *median* nerve by Prof. Laugier, one of the surgeons of the Hotel Dieu. It required the unscrupulous audacity of a French operator even to think of such a thing. No English or American surgeon would have dared to attempt it the first time. Many, however, will follow in the track of a successful experiment.

North.

A Word from a Friend.—An orthodox clergyman, who lives on the other side of the Alleghanies—an Abolitionist of thirty years standing, and one who has "endured hardness" as a good soldier of the cause—in a private letter of recent date says:

"What times we live in! That Garrison and Phillips could differ on a question of policy in regard to slavery, who could have believed a few years ago? And that some of your old friends should have said and written such things as they have to you, how strange! I need hardly say that I go with you and Garrison, and am amazed at the gullibility of the Radicals in swallowing down Fremont, whose opposition to Lincoln is altogether personal, and Cochrane who never was a true man! I hope there is no sign of either the Standard or *Liberator* being weakened.

"I close imploring Heaven's blessing on you and your work."

A Good Teacher Wanted.—The Secretary of the Philadelphia Freedman's Relief Association, in a letter just received, says: "We want, for our Freedmen's enterprise in Washington, a good man for Superintendent of Schools—one who, beside being at home in the business of Elementary Education, would be competent to act as a sort of General Agent for the cause. He should be a man of some address—knowing the world and not unacquainted with men. Do you know anybody of this description, that would be procurable?"

In reply to the Secretary's question we have mentioned the name of one man whom we regard as competent for the place, but we are by no means sure that he will be able to leave the post he now fills. Any friend of the cause, who can point to the right man for the place, will confer a favor by writing to J. M. McKim, Corresponding Secretary of the Freedman's Relief Association, 424 Walnut st., Philadelphia.

Proceedings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at its Third Decade [thirty years from its formation], held in the city of Philadelphia, Dec. 3d and 4th, 1863, with an appendix, and a Catalogue of Anti-Slavery Publications in America, from 1750 to 1863. An octavo pamphlet, of 175 pages. Just published, and for sale at the Anti-Slavery offices, 48 Beekman st., New York; 106 North Tenth st., Philadelphia; and 221 Washington st., Boston. Price, *Fifty Cents*. On receipt of this sum, a copy will be sent, postage prepaid, to any given address.

## *OBITUARY.*

### CAPT. NEHEMIAH H. MANN.

From the Tribune.

Captain Nehemiah Hallock Mann, of the Fourth New York Cavalry, was killed at the battle of Front Royal, August 15th. This brave officer entered the army as a private, on the 20th of July, 1861, his twenty-fourth birthday. He soon won distinction for his remarkable courage; at one time saving the life of a superior officer under a raking fire, in the face of the enemy. For his personal bravery, his soldierly bearing and skill, and his unexceptional behavior in the camp and in the field, he was promoted to a captaincy. At the Aldie cavalry fight he was distinguished for his daring. Finding his squadron hesitating in a charge, he, with his usual courage and dash, plunged along into the enemy's ranks. The result was a saber gash in the cheek, a pistol-shot in the shoulder, and a killed horse; but the men were inspired by his example, and rushed on to victory. He had served his country a little more than three years when he received the wound which terminated his life. He was buried on the banks of the Shenandoah, inside of the enemy's lines. When his remains can be removed, they will be taken to Milton, Ulster County, for burial, where the gallant young Ketchums, who were his cousins and companions in arms, "sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

### EMERSON CONWAY.

From the Commonwealth.

We have the pain of recording the death of Emerson Conway, the youngest son of our English Correspondent. He was a lovely child of three years, who has for several months given his parents much anxiety for his health. He finally died of hydrocephalus, at Brighton, on the 4th ult. Mr. and Mrs. Conway have gone on the Continent, and our letters from abroad will cease for awhile.

## Chronicles of the War.

### Latest News in Brief.

FROM GEN GRANT.

Gen. Grant holds the Weldon Railroad, south of Petersburg, with a firm grasp. The rebels have made several desperate but unavailing attempts to dislodge him, and it is now believed that his position is impregnable. The rebels now have possession of only one railroad communicating with the South, and that is insufficient to keep their army at Richmond supplied with food, and afford facilities for moving troops.

FROM GEN. SHERMAN.

There is nothing important from Gen. Sherman, except that he is holding his ground and slowly closing his lines around Atlanta. A desperate battle is daily expected.

FROM ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

Fort Morgan, the principal defence of the Harbor of Mobile, has surrendered, with all its garrison, etc. The fall of Moble is believed to be near.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

The rebels under Early, who threatened another invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, are said to have retreated. Gen. Sheridan is in pursuit.

### The Army and the Negroes.

"Everywhere the American General receives his most useful and reliable information from the Negro, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom*."—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

BLACK MEN IN THE NAVY—FIGHT IN MOBILE BAY.

*To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:*

So much is now being said about the fighting qualities of the black man in the army, that it would be no more than fair to state a few facts about this class of men in our navy. About one-fourth of the men in the navy at present are free colored men of the North and freedmen of the South, amongst which may be found some of our most respectable colored citizens. They compose two-thirds of the Powder divisions of our vessels of war, and, in a great number, a third of the gun crews. Of their fighting qualities, you need only ask their commanders and officers, and the fact should not be lost sight of, that in ships of war there are no non-combatants really. A ship is not like the army. We have no rear to look on during the battle, in safety out of harm's way, but every man has his station, and each, like the parts of a machine, must work, that the whole may move successfully.

To give you some idea of the great service rendered by these people and of their desire to fight for the flag, I will tell you of what I have seen on the fighting ship Hartford; I do not write, however, with any disparagement of any other class of men, be they what color or nation they may, when we got into battle and our brave boys began to be cut to pieces, all distinctions were soon lost, and no one thought but of destroying the common enemy.

We had 45 or 50 colored men on board, stationed on the powder division and some few of the guns, and those who had stations that only required them in cases of accident or emergency, volunteered for more honorable stations and more exposed to danger, and actually begged of the Captain to be, and were assigned to other stations, and for their behavior in battle received the thanks of the officer commanding the division they were assigned to—the gun deck division; we had a rare exhibition of cool bravery. A 125 lb shell entered the ship and exploded, killing ten and wounding seven men, leaving only two at the gun, one of them the captain of it, and the other a colored man, who never moved from his station. Such an exhibition of courage is worthy of the brave commander that guided us successfully in this magnificent bay.

We had many such instances of intrepidity, but every one behaved so well, that I fear I would be doing injustice to mention individuals. But praise should be given to all for their behavior, and when it will be recollected that the dead, wounded and dying were all brought where the men were fighting and that the heart-sickening scene could not dampen the ardor of the men fighting the guns, one will more admire the gallant and determined behavior of these people.

We had a most terrible fight, and a glorious victory—another sacrifice to freedom and our beloved country, and the black blood was spilled as freely as the white. We have in this ship three colored men mortally wounded and another dangerously wounded, beside three or four slightly; and God knows how many in the fleet; but I am sure a sufficient number to give material for some impartial historian to prove they gallantly fought for the cause of our common country. You may yet have the pleasure of reading of medals bestowed and promotions made for gallantry in battle of our brave white shipmates and may think it strange that not any mention was made of the brave blacks that fought by their side.

But the time has not arrived for justice to be done, even in the navy, where officers and gentlemen fondly imagine they practice it. We leave the cases of the poor but brave men in the hands of their patriotic and justice-loving fellow-citizens. I hope, in your congratulations on the great victory, you will remember the share the black man took in it; and if pride or expediency prevents his being justly officially recommended, he at least can claim the kind wishes of good men who do justice and fear God, and the hope within him banished by present non-recognition.

We are gradually finding and walking in the path of Freedom and Justice. If we be saved, we must tread therein; and then even the navy forgetting color will recognize the old Spartan gallantry in battle, above the mean prejudice of the color of the skin.

One who Loves Justice.

Mobile Bay, Aug., 1864.

EMPLOYMENT OF SLAVES.

The Secretary of War has ordered that all slaves who are brought to the several recruiting rendezvous in the several slave States, and found physically disqualified for military service, and who do not desire to return to their masters, but seek military protection, shall not be rejected, but enlisted and mustered into the United States service, with a view to transfer to the Quartermaster's Department. Quartermasters are also ordered not to forward the men until they are properly transferred by order of the War Department.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

IMPOSITION ON BLACK TROOPS STOPPED.

Washington, Aug. 25, 1864.

Gen. Thomas has issued an order prohibiting colored troops from performing all the labor in erecting fortifications. They will only be required to take their share of fatigue duty with the white soldiers. This is necessary to prepare them for the higher duties of conflicts with the enemy. Commanders of colored troops are requested to notify their superiors of an excess of labor of their commands over white troops.

TESTIMONY OF MAJ.-GEN. BIRNEY.

Major-Gen. D. B. Birney, in an order congratulating the Tenth Army Corps upon its recent success, makes mention of the colored troops in the following terms: "To the colored troops, recently added to us, and fighting with us, the Major-General tenders his thanks for their uniform good conduct and soldierly bearing. They have set a good example to our veterans, by the entire absence of straggling from their ranks on the march."

COLORED MILITIA IN BALTIMORE.

Our local colored militia promises to be a decided success. White men are so accustomed to black men doing the drudgery of life, that we submit very resignedly to black men with muskets in their hands, as the defenders of the city. Soldiering is a disagreeable duty at best, and it is well we can perform it by black proxies—they are so handy and so easily controlled! Meantime the military spirit of the blacks in the State is making them a power that cannot be much longer ignored. There is no evil without its compensation.—*Balt. Cor. New Nation.*

## Summary.

The Question of Color.—The city of Cincinnati is agitating the question of the color of those who have a right to ride in its street cars. It is rather ludicrous that such an issue should be raised in the "Queen City," where the complexion of citizens depends more on chimney-smoke than pedigree, and changes every time they wash their faces!

The Rhode Island Soldiers are to Vote.—New Shoreham has been heard from, completing the returns of the balloting on the amendments to the Constitution of Rhode Island. The amendment extending the right of suffrage to the brave boys in the field has received the requisite three-fifths majority, and is adopted.

A contraband was lately taken to Columbus, Ohio, by a citizen, who promised him $350 to go as a substitute. But when the sable gentleman found he could get more he put himself up at auction, having been sold several times before under very different circumstances, and soon knocked himself off for $1,200.

Singular Will.—There lately died in Buenos Ayres an old man of seventy-eight years, whose will contained a clause leaving ten thousand cigars for those who might attend his funeral. This eccentric testator also expressed his desire that his friends should not leave the house of mourning without drinking to his memory all the wine left in his cellar. It is said that the wish of the deceased was perfectly fulfilled.

Mr. F. B. Carpenter's painting of the "Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation" has arrived in this city, preceded by its fame, and by the unanimous approval of all who have been privileged to see it. It gave universal satisfaction during the two days it was on exhibition at the White House, and our readers will be glad to learn that it will be open to the public here in the latter part of September.—*Independent.*

Posthumous Parchment!—A celebrated Cambridge scholar, an admirer of the Greek poets, has ordered in his will, that, after death, his body shall be dissected, and his skin be taken off and *tanned* in such a manner as to convert it into parchment, on which the *Iliad* of Homer shall then be copied, the singular manuscript to be deposited in the British Museum! Wills sometimes contain singular items.

Quite Appropriate.—At the Springfield, Ill., Copperhead meeting, last Thursday, it was openly confessed that the stronger should live by trampling on the weaker portion of the human race and glory in it. One of the devices on the banners displayed on that occasion was the figure of a prostrate negro, with a white man standing with his foot upon his neck and holding a scroll with the inscription, "The Constitution and white men's rights."—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Gov. Andrew has received a "rude boat made by a contraband named Jack Flowers, who sailed in it through the rebel picket lines three miles, and thus escaped to freedom at Beaufort, S. C." The boat is made of a rice basket, the bottom of which was tarred over, after which pieces of board were attached to it, making a flat bottom and a very good looking, but rather fragile, boat to put to sea in. The contraband sent the boat to the fair at Philadelphia, with the following inscription: "A Freedman's Gift to the Great Central Fair, held at Philadelphia." The boat was transmitted by Gen. Saxton, U. S. A.—*Free South.*

"Won't you buy a splendid portrait of Gen. Grant?" asked a peddler, six months from England, of a country friend at one of our hotels a few days since. "No, sir; I do not want it." "Ah! then you will take this of Gen. McClellan? "No, no; I would'nt have *that* any how." "Ah, sir," resumed the peddler, waxing confidential, "I sell more of McClellan now than I do of Grant; but if I only had Gen. Lee, I could sell ten times as many of him as I can of McClellan—*and to the same men*." And the "same men" would ten times rather vote for the rebel Gen. Lee than for the hero of the Chickahominy swamps.—*Tribune.*

Admiral Farragut.—Every new revelation of the character of this indomitable naval hero only tends to increase the popular admiration of his sterling traits. It is now related of him that on the eve of the passage of the Mobile forts, it was suggested to him by the officer whose duty it was to look to such matters, that whiskey might be very beneficial in case the men became exhausted from long-continued fighting in the coming conflict. The Admiral said that he had no objection to its being used, but he had never found it necessary in any of his actions, and that he intended to give the men a cup of hot coffee at daylight, and to "pipe to breakfast" *inside the bay at 8 o'clock*, the usual hour. By 8 o'clock the passage of the forts was an accomplished fact.—*Boston Transcript.*

Coffee as the French Prepare it.—In Paris the coffee is nectar compared with the beverage we in common call coffee. I was desirous to know how it was prepared, and soon learned. The French use three kinds of coffee, Mocha, Java and Rio, mixed in equal parts. The coffee before roasting is winnowed, to cleanse it of dust, etc.; it is then culled or picked over; every black or defective kernel is picked out, as well as small stones, seeds and rat droppings, which are abundant in most coffee. It is then put into tubs of clean water and well washed, then spread to dry; when dry it is ready for roasting. The coffee required is roasted daily at large establishments; while warm it is ground, and put up in glazed papers of a conical shape, holding from two ounces to half a pound, and sealed up. Gentlemen, as they leave their places of business for home and dinner, when convenient call and take the needed supply. The coffee is put into a pot or digestor in cold water, and then set over a lamp expressly for the purpose, and there heated, not boiled, but steeped; from this digestor no steam or fumes arise; when ready you have your cup of coffee. It is coffee, and a beverage delicious, health-giving, not the bitter, acrid, filthy, nauseous drug we are in the habit of partaking, and calling it coffee. C. F. B.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Postal Money Order System.—The instructions to the postmasters, clerks, etc., required in the operations of the money order system authorized under the Act of Congress of the 17th of May last have been mainly prepared by the Post Office Department, and are now in the hands of the public printer. The preparation of the instructions was found to be a work of exceeding intricacy, the principal embarrassments being the want of a central Metropolitan Bank, with local branches, to facilitate the prompt return of the funds accumulated in the hands of postmasters, or to supply funds in case of necessity. In England and in Canada, where a money order system is in successful operation, they have these bank advantages, but in this country it has been found necessary to adopt substantially the Post Office Department system of drafts and deposites, using the post offices in lieu of the banks. It is confidently expected that this arrangement will meet with the requirements. Certainly it is the only one which can be made under the existing laws. The design of the Department is that operations shall commence on the 1st of October, and no efforts will be spared to accomplish the commencement of the system on that day.

The Day of Jubilee has Come.—I saw here yesterday a sight to bring tears to the eyes of Lloyd Garrison—the Haytian Ambassador, black as charcoal and dressed like a negro minstrel, sitting back in a superb barouche with a beautiful white wife by his side, and two little Harrys in front; a coronet upon his door panel; a driver and groom in gorgeous liveries to do him reverence, and, stranger than all! nobody but myself to wonder! If you could have looked into the fine blue eyes of the Ethiop's wife; studied the outlines of her shapely neck and bosom; marked the glitter of her diamonds, the large bracelet upon her left wrist half hid in the negro's kid grasp, and then glance at the evidences of their joys—the plump boys looking down so sedately—you would have felt that an era had arrived in the history of the world: a white man envied a negro! How far off, after all, are such issues from us? May we not yet see Gumbo and Sambo and Mose, with their fair beloved ones in the Chestnut street promenade; or, have Mr. Hannibal Coal doing us the honor to ask the hand of our sister; or cast our ballots for Gen. Wool to represent us in Councils or in Congress? The fortunes of Ham are going up. Canaan is canonized. We have the Prætorian Guard of negroes at the Capital, already, and before I leave Paris Mr. Frederick Douglass or Mr. William Still may have to visé my passport or take my oath of allegiance.—*Paris Cor. Phil. Transcript.*

Punishment of a Military Criminal.—Lieut. Andrew J. Smith, acting Inspector-General of the 2d Brigade, Kautz's cavalry division, for committing a rape on the person of a colored woman, has been sentenced to be dismissed the service, and to be confined at hard labor for ten years at such place as Gen. Butler may direct. Gen. Butler, in reviewing the sentence of the Court-Martial, remarks:

"The Commanding General has examined the evidence in this case with much care, and with an anxious desire to find some means to escape the conclusion that an officer of the United States army could be guilty of so heinous a crime. A female negro child quits slavery and comes into the protection of the Federal government, and upon first reaching the limits of the Federal lines receives the brutal treatment from an officer, himself a husband and a father, of violation of her person. Of this the evidence is conclusive. But a day or two since a negro man was hung, in the presence of the army, for the attempted violation of the person of a white woman. Equal and exact justice would have taken this officer's life; but imprisonment in the Penitentiary for a long term of years, his loss of rank and position—if that imprisonment be without hope or possibility of pardon, as it should be—would be almost an equal example. For these reasons the Commanding General cannot listen to the recommendations to mercy of the members of the Court, for whose opinions personally he entertains the highest respect. The sentence will be carried into effect by confinement of the convict at hard labor in the Penitentiary at Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, if the President shall so direct, and until the President shall make such direction the prisoner is ordered to be sent to the Superintendent of Prison Labor at Norfolk, there to be put at hard labor on the street."

Of all the senseless gabble the world has ever been afflicted with, the resolutions and harangues of the Copperheads about free speech and a free press are the most ridiculous. The very parties who are charging upon the Federal government all manner of tyranny, despotism and usurpation, are in their daily utterances of disloyal sentiments, and their daily endeavors to embarrass every measure for the defence of the nation against armed rebellion, monuments of the leniency and toleration of the authorities they studiously misrepresent and malign.—*Boston Transcript.*

The *Transcript* might have illustrated what it says above by the following mottoes, which were inscribed on banners at the "Peace" meeting at Syracuse on the 18th ult.

"No more victims for the slaughter pen—not a man nor a dollar."

"If Seward touches his bell again the people will stretch his neck."

"Abe Lincoln slaughters white men under the pretence of freeing niggers."

"The people are ready to take vengeance on the advocates of civil war."

"Lincoln demands blood! Provost-Marshals beware."

"Let the tyrant tremble when the people speak."

"Usurpation unrebuked is despotism accepted."

"Crush the tyrant Lincoln before he crushes you."

"Free ballots or free bullets."

"War is dissolution, speedy and final."

"This is a nigger war."

"We *will not be conscripted* in a war for the emancipation of slavery."

"Humanity commands that this butchery shall cease."

"Lincoln has murdered three white men to free one negro."

Colorphobia.—On Thursday afternoon two colored men ("niggers," if any delicate white person likes the term better) were quietly walking up Adams street, Brooklyn, when a gentleman whose name indicates that he is one of the jovial, free and happy sons of the Evergreen Isle (said name being McKillop), got into an altercation with one of the black men, charging that they had touched or jostled him on the sidewalk. A slight scuffle ensued, when the cry was raised that one of the negroes had stabbed Mr. McKillop. In something less than no time at all, as Mr. McK. might say, a lovely little mob was hunting the negroes through the streets with yells to "Lynch them," etc. Finally the frightened and almost exhausted negroes were confronted by certain policemen, who knocked their stupid woolly heads about with locust clubs until they became dimly sensible of the wickedness of trying to save their miserable lives, and the enormity of disturbing the halcyon peace of Brooklyn by presuming to run from the dear friends, who only wanted to hang them a little or beat their brains out with stones, as was done to Col. O'Brien by the gentlemen who conducted the popular riots of last year. After a proper degree of police clubbing, the miserable niggers were made to listen to reason, and then they found out that the whole affair was a jolly good joke—Mr. McKillop had not been stabbed at all—nobody had been hurt or even threatened, except the presumptuous niggers, who did not know that lynching was good for them, and that it was so highly necessary for the well-being of the great Democratic party. Well, they have learned a good lesson, and hereafter they will be able to testify (and show scars to prove it) that in a hue and cry the first man to be clubbed, the next man to be clubbed, the last man to be clubbed, and the only man to be clubbed, by the valiant Brooklyn police, is the fugitive (always providing he is a nigger) who is kiting at 2:40 pace before a crowd of gentle pursuers, who simply mean to kill him for no other reason than that it "sarves the bloody nagur right."—*Tribune*, 29*th*.

Buchanan and Curtin.—A friend from Bedford Springs, in Pennsylvania, tells me a curious story of ex-President Buchanan and Gov. Curtin. The hoary old betrayer of the government into the hands of the rebels was in the habit of walking up and down the piazzas, with his hands behind him and his head cocked one side, surveying passers-by with those crossed eyes of his. Gov. Curtin and he passed each other for some days. At last, the Governor, persuaded thereto by some officious and ill judging friends, who thought that it was the place of a Governor of a State to make the first approach to an ex-President, approached him one morning, and, holding out his hand, accosted the Old Public Functionary. Turning his head further down than usual, he endeavored to look the Governor straight in the face, and suddenly turning upon his heel walked off in an opposite direction. The insult thus deliberately given to the patriotic Governor caused no little excitement amongst the few loyal people at this watering-place, but the incident was suffered to pass without further notice. The mass of the company there is intensely disloyal, and of course they enjoyed and relished the insult amazingly. The truth is, the old dotard's conscience could not bear the approach of an honest man and a patriot.

On another occasion, the newsboy from the village went to the Springs with his papers containing some cheering news from our armies. Old Buck took one of them from him, and, after looking at the headings of the news, handed it sneeringly back, exclaiming, in the cracked voice of old age: "All lies, boys, all lies!" His sympathies with the cause of Jeff Davis are outspoken, and the Chicago peace men can do no better than to take the Old Public Functionary for their idol and candidate. He would do their bidding without a murmur, if he could get to Washington once more.—*Baltimore Cor. New Nation.*

## Special Notices.

Anti-Slavery Lectures in Maine.—Andrew T. Foss, an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will spend a short time in the State of Maine, speaking on the great question of Emancipation, and a Just and Free Union. He will be glad to receive calls to lecture, from any of the Anti-Slavery friends in the State.

His address, for the present, is care of S. Waterhouse, Esq., Ellsworth, Me.,

Wm. Wells Brown, an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, also purposes an early visit to the State of Maine, for Anti-Slavery work.

Further particulars to be had from local papers.

## Advertisements.


EMPIRE SHUTTLE MACHINE.

Patented February 14th, 1860.

SALESROOM, 536 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

This Machine is constructed on an entirely new principle of mechanism, possessing many rare and valuable improvements, having been examined by the most profound experts, and pronounced to be SIMPLICITY and PERFECTION COMBINED.

It has a straight needle, perpendicular action, makes the LOCK or SHUTTLE STITCH, which will NEITHER RIP nor RAVEL, and is alike on both sides; performs perfect sewing on every description of material, from Leather to the finest Nansook Muslin, with cotton, linen or silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number.

Having neither CAM nor COG WHEEL, and the least possible friction, it runs as smooth as glass, and is

EMPHATICALLY A NOISELESS MACHINE!

PRICE OF MACHINES, COMPLETE:

| | |
|---|---|
| No. 1—Family Machine, with Hemmer complete, | $55 |
| " 2—Small Manufact'g, with Extension Table, | 70 |
| " 3—Large " " " " | 80 |
| " 3—Large, for Leather, with rolling-foot, etc., | 80 |

CABINETS IN EVERY VARIETY.

We want Agents for all towns in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, where agencies are not already established, to whom a liberal discount will be given, but we make no consignments.

J. T. McARTHUR & CO., 536 Broadway, New York.

WANTED—A situation in a store in Philadelphia, or at some light mechanical Business, for a moral and intelligent colored boy aged 17 years, with one who would feel an interest in and be willing to promote him. Apply to
M. BALDERSTON, 902 Spring Garden street.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
Proposal for
"THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS."

On the 1st of October next the subscribers propose to commence the publication of a New Monthly Magazine, to be known as "The Friend of Progress."

Its aim and purpose will be to recognise, faithfully record, and in the spirit of Fraternity, to stimulate the World's Progress.

With an abiding faith in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, the conductors of the New Magazine will seek to exercise, through its columns, a wide and genial friendship for all true, social, industrial, educational, philanthropic, and religious movements.

The country abounds in Political Newspapers. We have not a few Scientific, Art, Agricultural and Medical Journals. There are Religious Periodicals for every distinct sect, and papers devoted to single departments of human progress—as for example: Anti-Tobacco, Temperance, Health, Dress, Land and Moral Reform, Anti-Slavery, Spiritual and Human Rights Organs; also, distinctively Literary Papers and Magazines.

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FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

## FREEDOM AND MERCY.

*Written for the Pic nic given in aid of the Sanitary Commission.*

In the wake of storm and battle Mercy follows with her plea;
Let this day be crowned with triumph, for 'tis Mercy's Jubilee;
Let us join the ancient anthem, "God has set his people free."

Miriam sang her song of triumph on the Red Sea's awful shore,
When the people had passed over, marching on a sanded floor,
And the surging walls of water closed on Pharaoh's host once more.

She went forth with dance and timbrel for the glory of the Lord!
We would follow our brave soldiers, wiping blood-stains from the sword,
Soothing anguish, healing sickness, whispering the consoling word;

Pouring balm upon the wounded, moistening lips of dying men,
Gathering up the farewell message, with the heart and with the pen,
Bearing it to wives and mothers they may never see again.

Freedom writes its name on nations by the cannon's vivid light,
Cleaves a way to grand achievment thro' the force of will and might,
But its throne is only steadfast, founded on Eternal Right.

Thro' baptismal tears and suffering, dimly we begin to see
That our armies move to conquer since we say *The slave is free!*
Since the watch-word and the war-cry sounds for God and Liberty!

Let us pour the gold unfailing from our rich Pactolean streams,
Let our regal hillsides open all their shining golden seams,
Let us line war's cloud with silver richer than a poet dreams;

Let us tell our suffering brothers, on the far Potomac's shore,
We are with them now and ever, heart and hand and life and store,
To unfurl the brave old banner over North and South once more.

Standing by our country's altar, Freedom and his regal bride,
Lovely Mercy, crowned with roses, stand together, side by side;
We will celebrate their union by the Sacramento's tide;

While we welcome to the bridal, as an honored guest indeed,
One* whose voice is ever ready for humanity to plead—
One who never failed the soldier in his hour of utmost need.

Loyal heart, we bid thee welcome; words of thine the seas have spanned,
Wakening patriotic echoes in our lovely Western land;
Reap the harvest thou hast scattered—we are with thee, heart and hand.

Sacramento, May 18th, 1864. H. L. NEALL.

* Dr. Bellows.

## HABITS AND HAUNTS OF THE CAMEL.

EXTRAORDINARY errors are still in circulation respecting the character and even the structure of the camel, notwithstanding it has been the companion of man from the earliest ages of his existence. The large, heavy, lumbering animal that bears burdens is supposed to constitute a species apart from the light and agile dromedary, which, in the language of the Chinese, possesses feet of wind, and in traversing the desert, often performs journeys of from ninety to a hundred miles a day. This was proved on a remarkable occasion in Egypt. The Pacha, on his way to the Hejaz, having learned at Suez that a mutiny had broken out among the troops in Cairo, turned westwards the head of his dromedary, and in less than eight hours cleared the ninety miles of desert, and appeared suddenly among the rebels, who were instantly awed into submission by his daring presence. A few heads, however, were struck off, by way of precaution, after which his Highness resumed his pilgrimage towards the Holy City. Anyone who contemplates the sumpter animal of the trading caravans, shuffling along the sandy tracts of the desert at the rate of two miles and a half an hour, with twelve hundred-weight of merchandise on his back, may be easily pardoned for coming to the conclusion that this drowsy beast must be of a different species from the bold and fleet creature, which, on the plains of Northern India, moves at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, with a light piece of artillery at his heels. Yet there is no more difference between the sumpter camel and the fleet dromedary, than between the dray horse and Childers' steed, which flew over the turf of Newmarket at the rate of a mile a minute. The speed and lightness of the dromedary originate in accident, and are developed by training and education; but the saddle animal will cross with the beast of burden, and produce a new variety, more useful in many respects than either parent.

Still it seems necessary to admit that the Bactrian camel, with two hunches, which traverses the wilds and vast elevated plateaux of Central Asia, differs specifically from the Arabian camel with one hunch. Of these we have sometimes beheld a string, exceeding a thousand in number, intermingled with dromedaries—the latter mounted, the former laden—tied to each other, and proceeding in single file athwart the wastes of Libya towards the Black Countries. The march in such cases seems tedious, and would really be so to an impatient traveller; but to persons who, like the Arab merchants, pass the greater part of their lives with camels amid the sands, the slowness of progression is no more irksome than the ordinary course of business to a man in the city. They know by experience how far they can advance in a day, in what places they shall find water, date-palms, and coarse pasturage for their beasts, and creep from station to station without the least excitement or impatience. The small incidents of the way suffice to amuse them, though occasionally they are of such a nature as to put their manhood to the proof, and violently stimulate their circulation. A lion, perhaps, in search of a meal, starts up from amid the sand-hills, or emerges from an unnoticed ravine, and bounds fearlessly towards the caravan, resolved to gratify his appetite, or perish—nothing scares him or arrests his progress—despising both dromedary and rider, he springs with a roar towards his prey, and in spite of spears and the contents of rifles, often succeeds in bringing to the ground the individual he has marked out for his breakfast. But soldier or trader, the Arab is always brave, and never deserts a friend in need. With such weapons as are at hand, therefore, the merchants rush upon their assailant, firing, shouting, vociferating, and almost invariably end by leaving his lifeless body upon the sands; insulting him, meanwhile, with the epithets of "dog" and "son of a dog." Should he have killed one of their companions, the caravan halts, a shallow grave is dug, and the body, with the head towards Mecca, is deposited in it, after which a mound is thrown up to mark the spot. Sometimes the wind disperses such mounds in the course of a few hours, though generally it adds to their bulk and elevation by heaping upon them incessantly fresh particles. In spots where there exists any moisture, plants spring up and envelop these heaps with a net-work of tough fibrous roots, so that they become permanent, and serve at distant intervals to designate the route of the caravans. Bones of camels, horses, and asses, broken pottery, and empty bottles, likewise assist for a short time to instruct the Arab in the way towards the interior, though the occurrence of two or three violent sandstorms suffices to obliterate these traces of man's passage through the wilderness.

The camel, not being himself sociable, is averse from encouraging sociability in others. It is only after much toil, and a vigorous application of the whip, that this stubborn animal can be made to move in line with individuals of his own species; though both in India and Africa the enterprise has been accomplished—in the former country, by the creation of a camel-train, in the latter, by accustoming the dromedary to military evolutions; to charge and retreat in compact bodies, and otherwise to imitate all the movements of cavalry. But your trading camel having acquired different habits, far exceeds a mule in obstinacy when you attempt to break through them; he will then oppose to your will a passive resistance utterly unconquerable; will lie down if he thinks you have put too much on his back, and refuse to rise though you should beat him to death. To show that this is often a mere crotchet, the Arabs remove two or three small packets from the load; upon which the animal, no doubt with an inward chuckle of satisfaction at having gained the victory, gives a loud grunt, and rises without perceiving that, during the operation, the packages have been restored. As, however, he believes his load to have been lightened, he trudges along merrily, if so sullen a beast can ever be said to be merry. But though serious and gloomy, this patient creature must not be supposed to be entirely without sentiment. When kindly treated, when patted on the shoulder, when gently spoken to, but more especially when treated to a song, the dromedary will exhibit strong signs of pleasure in his prominent eye, will turn round his long, snake-like neck, look at you steadfastly, as if to express his thanks, and then gaze forth upon the outspread desert more proudly than before. This disposition we often noticed in a white female camel, big with young, on which we traversed a portion of the Sahara. In form, lightness and symmetry, it was one of the most delicate of its species, rising at the top of the hunch to above eight feet in height, so that while riding through the streets of Cairo, we could look into the harems through the first-floor windows.

In cities, in fairs, or other much-frequented places, the camel seems habitually dull; but no sooner does he find himself in the desert, than his spirits return; he snuffs the sweet air, he looks gladly over the unimpeded landscape, he feels himself at home, and if his rider be familiar to him, trots away at the rate of twelve or thirteen miles an hour without the least urging. In cases of necessity, he can, as we have already remarked, knock off eighteen or twenty miles in the same period. One of the pleasures of this mode of travelling, not often noticed, is the great height of the rider from the ground, preserving him from the fierce heat reflected from the sand, which on an ass, or even on a horse, sometimes scorches the face; but aloft on the camel's saddle, the air is comparatively cool, and rendered more so by the swift pace of the animal. Owing to the structure of his foot, he does not sink in the sand, but spreading the sole as he goes, appears to fly over the surface rather than to gallop. Although his eye appears dull, his sight is long and piercing; and in the fineness of the sense of smelling, is perhaps exceeded by no other animal, since he can scent water, which has scarcely any odor at all, at the distance of a mile and a half, or two miles: we should even say, from observation, that he can scent it more than twice as far, for, on approaching the Nile from the desert, we have known him voluntarily to quicken his pace at the distance of four or five miles. The delight imparted by immense heat, which appears to confer upon some individuals a sixth sense, will continue during eight or ten hours, bubbling, seething and thrilling through the frame like a sublime intoxication; but by degrees weariness and languor succeed, thirst makes itself felt, and as the sun nods towards the West, the eye glances about wistfully in search of a clump of palm-trees or a rock, the usual indications of a fountain. Upon discovering the well-known signal, the dromedary rears his head, turns, gives his rider a look of encouragement, and then, if not quite subdued by fatigue, bolts off at full speed. How many days he can go without drinking has never, perhaps, been exactly ascertained—in fact, the power of endurance varies greatly in different individuals—but it has been stated on very good authority, that the dromedary can subsist nine days without water, though exposed the whole time to a heat resembling that of a furnace. It is certain that when the camel does drink, he always appears to be laying in a stock for a week or so, and he has even been known to swallow seven gallons and a half, or thirty quarts of water at one time. This allows three quarts a day for ten days, which, though not sufficient properly to quench the thirst of so large an animal, may yet be enough to keep him alive. Comparative anatomy, which has indulged in a legion of experiments on the structure of much inferior animals, has not extended a proper degree of attention to the camel. It has, no doubt, been ascertained that this extraordinary creature possesses one stomach more than other mammalia; but curiosity has not been sufficiently busy with that immense bladder, streaked with sanguine veins, which the animal sometimes blows out of its mouth in Spring. In strings of thirty or forty, we have noticed, during the greatest heat of the day, a majority amusing themselves after this fashion. On such occasions, they will raise their heads, look around wildly, and then, with a strange, offensive noise, draw up the bag from their throats, and blow it out inflated to its fullest extent, as if to cool it by the touch of the external air. In a few minutes they will suffer it to collapse, and suck it back with a ruckling noise into their throats. Is not this bag intended to contain, in addition to the fifth stomach, a supply of fresh water? And is it not in this that travellers, when compelled to kill their dromedaries to preserve their own lives in the Sahara, find the pure transparent fluid spoken of on such occasions? The water in the fifth stomach is never, we believe, found upon dissection to be quite clear, but in some cells a little muddy, in others, yellow.

It is during a sand-storm, or on the approach of the simoom, that the camel displays the most striking proofs of sagacity. Before the human eye can detect the swiftly-approaching column of yellow or lurid gas which instantly strikes dead all creatures that breathe it, the camel discerns the danger, and uttering a wild roar, turns round and plunges his nose into the sand. The traveller also, who springs instantly to the earth, presses his face against the face of the desert, tightly closes his lips, and protects his nostrils with both hands. What signs of suffering or agitation the poor dromedary exhibits, the traveller is too much terrified to observe, but he himself experiences throughout his frame, first a quivering, shooting pain, then a numbness and paralysis of all the limbs and vital functions, which, prolonged for many seconds, would be death. But the mysterious vapor, which comes almost like lightning, in the same manner departs. In many cases, the sudden death of the beast and his rider reveals the fatal power of the simoom; but when they escape with life, the process of reviving from the stroke resembles that experienced by patients after a long illness—languor, feebleness, prostration of the whole system, giddiness of the head, dimness of sight, a partial loss of memory, and a bewilderment of ideas. Europeans flee to brandy as a remedy, the Arabs to coffee; while the camel, kneeling, as if under a heavy burden, groans, grunts and looks ruefully about upon the waste.

One means of keeping up the strength of this faithful beast, which seems never to have occurred to the inhabitants of Eastern Africa, or else to be neglected through indolence, is habitually practiced in the Moggreb or Western Desert: the owner going before, or a little on one side, breaks or plucks up whatever shrub or plant he perceives suited to the camel's taste, and gives it to him as he walks along; and the vegetable juices thus obtained supply the want of water. Another great advantage arises from this policy of the Moggrebyns: it produces a kindly feeling, closely resembling affection, between the master and his beast, and inspires the latter with so much trust and confidence, that when for whole days nothing is given him, he seems to understand that it is only because there is nothing to be had.

Some naturalists have given currency to the opinion that the camel is not found in India; but this is an error, since in all ages it has abounded in the great sandy plains north of the Nerbuddah, where, in the time of Akhbar, it constituted the sole wealth of some tribes, individuals among whom were said to possess herds of ten thousand. In Persia, in Khorasan, in Asia Minor, in the Crimea, on the plains of the Kuban, throughout the steppes of Central Asia, and in China, the camel is the common beast of burden. Mongol nobles journey on dromedaries to the court of Peking, and sometimes harness them to carriages. When ladies travel, whether in Northern or Southern Asia, their favorite mount is the camel, on which they are placed in a very peculiar manner: two capacious panniers are slung, one on either side the animal, furnished with soft cushions. In these two ladies seat themselves, and are protected from the sun's rays by a silken canopy, supported on slender gilded poles rising from the corners of the panniers. Here at their ease they chat with each other, smoke, or nurse their babies, and are occasionally lulled to sleep by the drowsy motion of the animal.

The young foal of the camel, when frisking after his mother, has a sort of ungainly prettiness, which is almost comic, especially when the owner determines upon weaning it. A coarse net-work of rope is then tied over the dam's breasts, against which the young camel, in search of his usual nourishment, dashes his nose in a sort of petulant fury. He will go on, however, making attempts for about eight or ten days, after which he coolly abandons the enterprise, and takes to ordinary food, thorns and thistles, and the coarsest herbage produced by the sterile soil of the desert. To reconcile the young cameling to his lot, the Kirghis adorn his head with gay-colored ribbons and long streamers, which, as he gambols about, dance and flutter in the air. Camel's milk, in all the countries where the animal flourishes, is an article in great request, both as a beverage and for the purpose of making cheese and butter; but it does not seem to yield that strong spirit which is extracted from mare's milk in all parts of Tartary, and enables the wandering hordes to enjoy the delights of intoxication. In Arabia and Northern Africa, the fine hair of the camel, which the animal sheds once a year, is woven into fabrics little less soft and beautiful than the shawls of Cashmere. A white burnoos of this material, manufactured in Tunis or Fez, hooded and tasselled with floss silk, sometimes sells in the bazaars of Cairo or Damascus for twenty-five or thirty pounds, according to its whiteness and lustre. Nor is this at all surprising, since very few camels are white, the common color being brown, varying occasionally almost to black. Of the coarse, long hair, which, as in the shawl-goat, covers and conceals the down, ropes and tents are made. Hence the expression which occurs perpetually in the Arab poets, "the black tents of Oman or Nejed"; and in the Songs of Solomon, "the black tents of Kedar."

The camel is said to be found wild in the deserts lying east of the Himalaya. But this may be doubted, since the animal shuns forests, and there is no steppe of sufficient extent to withdraw crowds of so large a beast from the notice of man. It is equally erroneous to regard him as a native of Tibet, a country so lofty, cold and desolate that even the shaggy horse of Britain finds it difficult to subsist there. It may safely be affirmed that the camel exists everywhere in bondage—sometimes the slave of the slave—but always industrious, patient and addicted to toil. We have seen him harnessed to the plough with an ass, and drawing a cart side by side with a buffalo; we have beheld him move through the eternal gyrations of a water-wheel assisted by a skeleton of a horse; but his proper place is the desert, where both he and his rider are exhilarated by the buoyant and elastic air. The only inconvenience attending the use of the camel as a saddle-animal is the awkwardness of mounting or descending. He squats on the ground, and you get into the saddle; you utter a sound which no combination of letters can represent, and up he starts, first with his hind-legs, which nearly pitches you over his head, and then with his fore-legs, which sends you back with equal violence. In dismounting, it is much the same—you utter the mysterious guttural sound, and down he goes, plump, doubling his fore-legs under him, and then quietly bringing his hind-legs to bear in the same long folds; after which he lies at his ease and begins to ruminate whether your neck be broken or not. With all his faults, however, we regard him as a friend, since we have seldom passed pleasanter hours than those spent in the burning sun upon his back, with the golden sand beneath, and a boundless horizon before us.—*Chambers's Journal.*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

## MY DEAD PAST.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER KIMBALL.

In the curtained gloom
Of my sitting room
I wait and watch with my dead Past;
Cold and calm,
In spice and balm,
Beautiful, though of life bereft,
She lies in state; and every trace
Of warmth and light in her pure sweet face
Is gone;—but the look of love is left.
And just for the sake of that dear look,
That even the hand of death forbore
To steal, I sit in this curtained nook,
And guard and watch her evermore.
Very gently I touch the veil,
And turn it back from the features pale;
Gently I touch her hand of pearl,
And the silver thread of fading curl;
Lightly I brush the fragrant nest
Of roses and lilies on her breast—
Those flowers my dead Past loved the best;
Softly I move in the shadowy gloom,
Carefully step in this sacred tomb,
That others entitle my "sitting room."

She had so frank and simple a grace,
My Past, that I cannot remember a trace
Of pride that darkened her innocent face;
And now that the light and life are gone
From her clear gay eyes and brow of dawn,
I watch, as a miser does his gains,
The look of love that still remains;
And I hide her here, where none may see,
For nobody cares for her but me.

She died on a glorious July day;
The meadows were ripe and sweet with hay,
And the purple mountains, erect and bold,
Propped pyramid clouds of ruffled gold;
On elms the oriole families swung,
And under the willows rivulets sung;
The pocket-blossom hung out a risk
Its golden bags, and the yellow disc
Of the radiate fever-few was spurred
By the bill of the burnished humming-bird;
Rutland beauties hung over the eaves,
Joyful twitters were up in the leaves;
Happy-eyed children ran in and out,
With song and laughter and raid and rout;
Boys in the wood were hunting for grouse;
No one dreamed there was death in the house.
For I hid my pain, and my eyes were calm,
While I brought the spices, the myrrh and balm,
And laid her out in the curtained gloom,
And watched by her in my sitting room.

I heard no sound of funeral knells;
Yet all that day, across my ear,
The Western breeze brought, faint but clear,
The far off peal of happy bells—
A joyful ring, like marriage bells.
Nor wall nor door could shut away
That wedding chime; but all the day
It told me two fond hearts were gay:
Two hearts had loved while mine had bled;
And I—I watched beside my dead!

Sometimes the world, all wantonly drest,
Peeps in at my door in its holiday best,
And stabs my heart with a bantering jest;
And I fling back laughter as best I may,
And it never mistrusts, from my answers gay,
That I watch with my dead here night and day.

Outside my window the Present stands,
With orange flowers in her graceful hands—
A crown for a bride! My soul starts back!
My heart lies quivering on the rack!
Braid their bloom for another head!
Give me an amaranth instead!
Lovers and husbands seek for eyes
Where merriment lurks in twinkling guise;
For polished foreheads without a line—
Not marked with thought and pain like mine.
Lovers and husbands choose to sip
The honey of love from a laughing lip—
Not one that moves with a prayer or chant;
The pearl-cleft mouth with a kiss to grant,
With men all soberer lips supplant.

I know, outside the pigeon coos
To his mottled mate upon her nest;
His russet wife the sparrow woos,
In the briery hedge as they sit abreast;
Wedded butterflies swing and rock
On the garing-skirted holly-hock,
Or the blue-weed's red and slender cube;
And close in the oleander's tube,
Insects, sheltered from wind and weather,
Lead a conjugal life together.
But nestless, mateless, I watch and wait,
Till an angel warden opens the gate,
And the spirit of my dead Past shall rise,
Changeless in her immortal guise,
And make my heaven beyond the skies.

*Croyden, N. H.*

## A HISTORIC DAY.

WHEN some future Bancroft or Motley writes with philosophic brain and poet's hand the story of the Great Civil War, he will find the transition to a new era in our nation's history to have been fitly marked by one festal day—that of the announcement of the President's proclamation, upon Port Royal Island, on the first of January, 1863. That New Year's time was our second contribution to the great series of historic days, beads upon the rosary of the human race, permanent festivals of freedom. Its celebration was one beside whose simple pageant the superb festivals of other lands might seem but glittering counterfeits. Beneath a majestic grove of the great live-oaks which glorify the South Carolina soil a liberated people met to celebrate their own peaceful emancipation. They came thronging, by land and water, from plantations which their own self-imposed and exemplary industry was beginning already to redeem. The military escort which surrounded them had been organized out of their own numbers, and had furnished to the nation the first proof of the capacity of their race to bear arms. The key-note of the meeting was given by spontaneous voices, whose unexpected anthem took the day from the management of well-meaning patrons, and swept all away into the great currents of simple feeling. It was a scene never to be forgotten: the moss-hung trees, with their hundred-feet diameter of shade; the eager faces of women and children in the foreground; the many-colored head-dresses; the upraised hands; the neat uniforms of the soldiers; the outer row of mounted officers and ladies; and beyond all the blue river, with its swift, free tide. And at the centre of all this great and joyous circle stood modestly the man on whose personal integrity and energy, more than on any President or Cabinet, the hopes of all that multitude appeared to rest—who commanded then among his subjects, and still commands, an allegiance more absolute than any European potentate can claim—whose name will be forever illustrious as having first made a practical reality out of that proclamation which then was to the President only an autograph, and to the Cabinet only a dream—who, when the whole fate of the slaves and of the government hung trembling in the balance, decided it forever by throwing into the scale the weight of one resolute man—who personally mustered in the first black regiment, and personally governed the first community where emancipation was a success—who taught the relieved nation, in fine, that there was strength and safety in those dusky millions who fill then had been an incubus and a terror—Brig.-Gen. Rufus Saxton, Military Governor of South Carolina. The single career of this one man more than atones for all the traitors whom West Point ever nurtured, and awards the highest place on the roll of our practical statesmanship to the regular army.—*T. W. Higginson, in the Atlantic Monthly.*

## "JENNIE JUNEIANA."

[Among the books recently published is "Talks on Woman's Topics," by JENNIE JUNE. From a notice thereof in the *Atlantic Monthly* we copy as follows:]

IT seems to be written from the point of view afforded by a second-rate New York boarding-house, and by a person who has never come in contact with any refined or well-bred people. With this allowance, it is written in the interest of good manners and good morals, and with enough of natural tact to keep the writer from getting far beyond her depth, although she does talk of "Goethe's Mignion" and "Miss Werner"—whoever these personages may be and of "the substantial fame achieved by the unknown author of 'Rutledge.'" It is written in the prevalent American newspaper-style—a style which is apt to be graphic, piquant and dashing, accompanied by a flavor, slight or more than slight, of flippancy and slang—a style such as reaches high-tide in certain "popular" native authors, male and female, and in ebbing strands us on "Jennie June."

Of course, writing from the windows of Mrs. Todgers, "Jennie" manifests the usual superfluous anxiety of her kind not to be called strong-minded. She is prettily indignant at the thought of female physicians: there is nothing improper in having diseases, but to cure them would be indelicacy indeed. Girls out of work, who wish for places in shops, are only "patriotic young ladies who desire to fill all the lucrative situations at present occupied by young men." She would even banish Bridget from the kitchen and substitute unlimited Patricks, which will interest housekeepers as being the only conceivable remedy worse than the disease. Of course, a female lecturer is an abomination: "Jennie" proves, first, that a "strong-minded woman" must be either unmarried or unhappy in marriage, and then turns, with rather illogical wrath, upon Lucy Stone and Antoinette Brown, for being too domestic to make speeches since their marriage. To follow the court phraseology, "This reminds us of a little anecdote." When the fashion of long, flowing wigs was just vanishing in Boston, somebody wore one from that town down to Salem, where they were entirely extinct. All the street-boys ran after him all the morning, to ask him why he wore a wig. He, wishing to avoid offence, left it in the house at dinner-time; and was pursued all the afternoon by the same boys, with the inquiry why he did *not* wear a wig. These eloquent women find it equally hard to please their little critic by silence or by speech. The simple truth probably is, that they hold precisely the same views which they always held, and will live to trouble her yet, when the epoch of the nursery is over. The majority of women's-rights advocates have always been wives and mothers, and, for aught we know, excellent ones, since that dear, motherly old Quakeress, Lucretia Mott, first broached the matter; and the great change in our legislation on all the property-rights of that sex is just as directly traceable to their labors as is the repeal of the English corn-laws to the efforts of the "League." If, however, "Jennie" consoles herself with the reflection that the points made in this controversy by the authors of "Hannah Thurston" and "Miss Gilbert's Career" are not much stronger than her own, she must remember her favorite theory, that all foolishness sounds more respectable when uttered from masculine lips.

## THE LATE GEN. McPHERSON.

The Fremont (Ohio) *Sentinel* publishes the following letters, which explain themselves:

CLYDE, Ohio, Aug. 3, 1864.

TO GEN. GRANT—*Dear Sir:* I hope you will pardon me for troubling you with the perusal of these few lines from the trembling hand of the aged grandma of our beloved Gen. James B. McPherson, who fell in battle. When it was announced at his funeral, from the public print, that, when Gen. Grant heard of his death, he went into his tent and wept like a child, my heart went out in thanks to you for the interest you manifested in him while he was with you. I have watched his progress from infancy up. In childhood he was obedient and kind; in manhood interesting, noble and persevering, looking to the wants of others. Since he entered the war others can appreciate his worth more than I can. When it was announced to us by telegraph that our loved one had fallen, our hearts were almost rent asunder; but when we heard the Commander-in-Chief could weep with us too, we felt, sir, that you have been as a father to him, and this whole nation is mourning his early death. I wish to inform you that his remains were conducted by a kind guard to the very parlor where he spent a cheerful evening in 1861, with his widowed mother, two brothers, only sister and his aged grandma, who is trying to write. In the morning he took his leave at 6 o'clock, little dreaming he should fall by a ball from the enemy. His funeral services were attended in his mother's orchard, where his youthful feet had often pressed the soil to gather the falling fruit, and his remains are resting in the silent grave scarce half a mile from the place of his birth. His grave is on an eminence but a few rods from where the funeral services were attended, and near the grave of his father. The grave, no doubt, will be marked so that passers-by will often pause to drop a tear over the dear departed. And now, dear friend, a few lines from you would be gratefully received by the afflicted friends. I pray that the God of battles may be with you, and go forth with your armies till rebellion shall cease, the Union be restored, and the old flag wave over our entire land.

With much respect, I remain your friend,
LYDIA SLOCUM.
Aged 87 years and 4 months.

GEN. GRANT'S REPLY.

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
CITY POINT, Va., Aug. 10, 1864.

MRS. LYDIA SLOCUM—*My Dear Madam:* Your very welcome letter of the 3d inst. has reached me. I am glad to know that the relatives of the lamented Maj.-Gen. McPherson are aware of the more than friendship existing between him and myself. A nation grieves at the loss of one so dear to our nation's cause. It is a selfish grief, because the nation had more to expect from him than from almost any one living. I join in this selfish grief, and the grief of personal love for the departed. He formed for some time one of my military family. I knew him well. To know him was but to love him. It may be some consolation to you, his aged grandmother, to know that every officer and every soldier who served under your grandson felt the highest reverence for his patriotism, his zeal, his great, almost unequaled ability, and all the manly virtues that adorn a commander. Your bereavement is great, but cannot exceed mine.

Yours truly,
U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

## ANCIENT USE OF SCENTS.

CONSTANTINE the Great provided fragrant oils to be burned at the altars of the greater churches in Rome; and St. Paulinus, of Nola, a writer of the end of the fourth, and beginning of the fifth century, tells us how, in his time, wax tapers were made for church use, so as to shed fragrance as they burned:

"Lumina caratis adolentur odora papyris."

A perfume in common use, even to this day, was the invention of one of the earliest of the Roman nobles, named Frangipani, and still bears his name; it is a powder, or sachat, composed of every known spice, in equal proportions, to which is added ground iris orris root, in weight equal to the whole, with one per cent. of musk or civet. A liquid of the same name, invented by his grandson Mercutio Frangipani, is also in common use, prepared by digesting the Frangipani powder in rectified spirits, which dissolves out the fragrant principles. This has the merit of being the most lasting perfume made. The perfumes used by the ancients were, undoubtedly, nothing more than the odoriferous gums which naturally exude from various trees and shrubs indigenous to the Eastern hemisphere. That they were extensively used, and much valued, we have only to read the Scriptures for proofs: "Who is this that cometh ....... perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all the powders of the merchant?"—(Song of Solomon, iii. 6.) Abstaining from the use of perfumes in Eastern countries is considered a sign of humiliation: "The Lord will take away the tablets, and it shall come to pass that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink."—(Exod. xxxv. 22; Isaiah iii. 20-24). The word tablets in this passage means perfume boxes, curiously inlaid, made of metal, wood, and ivory. Some of these boxes may have been made in the shape of buildings, which would explain the word "palaces" in Psalm xiv. 8: "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad." From what is said in Matt. ii. 11, it would appear that perfumes were considered among the most valuable gifts which man could bestow: "And when they (the wise men) had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him (Christ) gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." As far as we are able to learn, all the perfumes used by the Egyptians and Persians during the early period of the world were dry perfumes, consisting of spikenard (*Nardostachys jatamansi*), myrrh, olibanum, and other gum resins, nearly all of which are still in use by the manufacturers of odors. Among the curiosities shown at Alnwick Castle is a vase that was taken from an Egyptain catacomb. It is full of a mixture of gum resins, etc., which evolve a pleasant odor to the present day, although probably 3,000 years old. We have no doubt that the original use of this vase and its contents was for perfuming apartments in the same way that pot pourri is now used.—*Scientific American.*

## TO THE BRIDE ISABEL.

(ENCLOSING A HEART'S-EASE.)

O MAIDEN, I who, many miles away,
This roadside letter of remembrance send
To intercept thy coming wedding-day,
That hastens ere the red June roses end,
Send with it (better than a rhyme) a flower,
To bloom among the fairest at thy feast:
A flower worth all the gardens of the East,
And rich enough to be thy husband's dower—
For, having heart's-ease, hath he not enough?
But heart's-ease is a perishable stuff:
A fading flower that hath not long to live,
A mocking gift that is not mine to give.
Yet, as I give the emblem, I uplift
A prayer that God will add the perfect gift.
But since our prayers know scarce for what they plead,
If He who knoweth what our hearts most need
Should overrule my gift and make it vain,
And offer thee instead His gift of pain;
If at His finger-touch thy heart's-ease fade,
And wither into heart-break, O, fair maid!
Who knowest now of love but not of grief,
Go question all the sorrows of the world,
And thou shalt find that sorrowing love is chief!
For, as some wedding-tress may burst its braid,
Or twisted ringlet drop and hang uncurled,
And shake the orange blossoms to the ground,
So love may loosen what it once hath bound,
And drop the joys wherewith it first was crowned.
But as a bird that hath a heavenward wing
May cast a plume, yet afterward shall sing,
So love, despite her losses, waxeth strong,
And bears above them all a cheery song.
When thou, like other brides whose hearts have burned
With over-joy of love, shalt soon have learned,
And wept in learning, that through all the years
Love oft shall have her bosom pierced of spears,
Learn so, by discipline of thorn and sting,
That sorrow also is a sacred thing.
That never yet was any wedding ring
That did not make a marriage unto tears.
When thou this fading flower away shalt fling,
May love and sorrow to thy bosom bring
A heart's-ease gathered from celestial spheres!

—*Independent.* THEODORE TILTON.

## MRS. FARNHAM'S "WOMAN AND HER ERA."

[Among the books on our table, waiting to be reviewed, is "Woman and her Era," by ELIZA J. FARNHAM, published by A. J. Davis & Co. (now C. M. Plumb & Co.) of this city. Other and more imperative duties having consumed our time and overtaxed our strength, and thus prevented us from giving to the work the attention it deserves, we copy the following from the "Reviews and Literary Notices" of the *Atlantic Monthly* for September—the more readily because, in most respects, it accords with our own opinions.]

IN the three and a half centuries since Cornelius Agrippa, no one has attempted with so much ability as Mrs. Farnham to transfer the theory of woman's superiority from the domain of poetry to that of science. Second to no American woman save Miss Dix in her experience as a practical philanthropist, she has studied human nature in the sternest practical schools, from Sing Sing to California. She justly claims for her views that they have been maturing for twenty-two years of "experience so varied as to give it almost every form of trial which could fall to the intellectual life of any save the most favored women." Her books show, moreover, an ardent love of literature and some accurate scientific training—though her style has the condensation and vigor which active life creates, rather than the graces of culture.

The essence of her book lies in this opening syllogism:

"Life is exalted in proportion to its organic and functional complexity;

"Woman's organism is more complex and her totality of function larger than those of any other being inhabiting our earth;

"Therefore her position in the scale of life is the most exalted—the sovereign one."

This is compactly stated and quite unequivocal, although the three last words of the conclusion are a step beyond the premises, and the main fight of her opponents would no doubt be made on her definition of the word *being*. The assumption that either sex of a given species is a distinct "being" cannot probably be slid into the minor premise of the argument without some objection from the opposing counsel. However, this brings us at once to the main point, and the chapter called "The Organic Argument," which opens with this syllogism, is really the pith of the book, and would, perhaps, stand stronger without the other six hundred pages. In this chapter she shows the strength of a system-maker, in the rest the weaknesses of one; she feels obliged to apply her creed to everything, to illustrate everything by its light, to find unexpected confirmations everywhere, and to manipulate all the history of art, literature and society, till she conforms them all to her standard. She recites, with no new power, historical facts that are already familiar; and gives many pages to extracts from very well known poets and very ill known prose-writers, to the exclusion of her own terse and vigorous thought. All this is without a trace of book-making, but is done in single-hearted zeal for views which are only damaged by the process.

These are merely literary defects; but Mrs. Farnham really suffers in thought by the same unflinching fidelity to her creed. It makes her clear and resolute in her statement; but it often makes her as one-sided as the advocates of male supremacy whom she impugns. To be sure, her theory enables her to extenuate some points of admitted injustice to woman—finding, for instance, in her educational and professional exclusions a crude effort, on the part of society, to treat her as a sort of bird-of-paradise, born only to fly, and therefore not needing feet. Yet this authoress is obliged to assume a tone of habitual antagonism towards men, from which the advocates of mere equality are excused. Indeed, the technical Woman's-Rights movement has always witnessed a very hearty coöperation among its advocates of both sexes, and it is generally admitted that men are at least as ready to concede additional rights as women to ask for them. But when one comes to Mrs. Farnham's stand-point, and sees what her opinion of men really is, the staunchest masculine ally must shrink from assigning himself to such a category of scoundrels. The best criticism made on Michelet's theory of woman as a predestined invalid was that of the sensible physician who responded, "As if the Almighty did not know how to create a woman!"—and Mrs. Farnham certainly proves too much in undertaking to expose the blunders of Deity in the construction of a man. Assuming, as she invariably does, the highest woman to be the typical woman, and the lowest man to be the typical man, she can prove anything she pleases. But even this does not content her; every gleam of tenderness and refinement exhibited by man she transfers by some inexplicable legerdemain of logic to the feminine side, and makes somehow into a new proof of his hopeless inferiority; and she is landed at last in the amazing paradox, that "the most powerful feminine souls have appeared in masculine forms, thus far in human career." (Vol. II., p. 360.)

In short, her theory involves a necessity of perpetual overstatement. The conception of a pure and noble young man, such as Richter delineates in his Walt or Albano, seems utterly foreign to her system; and of that fine subtilty of nature by which the highest types of manhood and womanhood approach each other, as if mutually lending refinement and strength, she seems to have no conception. The truth is, that, however much we may concede to the average spiritual superiority of woman, a great deal also depends on the inheritance and the training of the individual. Mrs. Farnham, like every refined woman, is often shocked by the coarseness of even virtuous men; but she does not tell us the other side of the story—how often every man of refinement has occasion to be shocked by the coarseness of even virtuous women. Sexual disparities may be such; but individual disparities are even more.

Mrs. Farnham is noble enough, and her book is brave and wise enough to bear criticisms which grow only from her attempting too much. The difference between her book and most of those written on the other side is, that in the previous cases the lions have been the painters, and here it is the lioness. As against the exaggeration on the other side, she has a right to exaggerate on her part. As against the theory that man is superior to woman because he is larger, she has a right to plead that in that case the gorilla were the better man, and to assert on the other hand that woman is superior because smaller—Emerson's mountain and squirrel. As against the theory that glory and dominion go with the beard, she has a right to maintain (and that she does with no small pungency) that Nature gave man this appendage because he was not to be trusted with his own face, and needed this additional covering for his shame. As against the historical traditions of man's mastery, she does well to urge that creation is progressive, and that the megalosaurus was master even before man. It is, indeed, this last point which constitutes the crowning merit of the book, and which will be permanently associated with Mrs. Farnham's name. No one before her has so firmly grasped this key to woman's historic position, that the past was an age of coarse, preliminary labor, in which her time had not yet come. This theory, as elucidated by Mrs. Farnham, taken with the fine statement of Buckle as to the importance of the intuitive element in the feminine intellect (which statement Mrs. Farnham also quotes), constitutes the most valuable ground logically conquered for woman within this century. These contributions are eclipsed in importance only by those actual achievements of women of genius—as of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Rosa Bonheur and Harriet Hosmer—which, so far as they go, render all argument superfluous.

## THE TURN-OUTS AT NEWPORT.

Correspondence of the Evening Post.

THE rides about Newport are far more pleasant and agreeable than those of any of the other popular Summer resorts that I have any knowledge of. In this respect, as well as in point of climate, Saratoga is no comparison to it. Bellevue avenue, running about three miles south from the Ocean House to the sea, is lined on both sides with beautiful cottages situated from five to fifteen rods back from the line of the street, and surrounded with grounds highly ornamented with shrubbery and trees. On this avenue the most wealthy visitors have secured locations for Summer residences—some truly splendid, among which may be mentioned those of "M. Barreda, Peruvian Minister," Gardner Brewer, merchant prince of Boston, and August Belmont, late Minister to the Hague, and now the Chairman of the National Democratic Committee.

On Bellevue avenue every pleasant afternoon there is a magnificent display of vehicles of every description. Just now the rage seems to be for "four-in-hand" teams, of which there are about half a dozen here, and more expected. So far as style is concerned, it is generally conceded that the "turn-out" of L. W. Jerome, the wealthy Wall street banker, is superior to all others, though there are one or two that overmatch his in point of speed and value. There is a growing sentiment, however, that speed in a gentleman's team is of a secondary importance.

"Who *drives* fast horses,
Must himself be *fast*,"

is becoming a proverb. The equipage that throws all others in the shade, and causes them to "pale their ineffectual fires," is that of the aforementioned Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. It consists of a low barouche drawn by four elegant and fiery "thorough-breds," with postillions mounted on the left or "near" horse of each pair. Two footmen in extreme livery are suspended from a high seat on the back of the carriage, technically called the "ramble." The barouche is lined with rich satin damask, and the outside trimmings are of heavy gilt. The postillions are dressed in buckskin breeches and high top boots, with black silk velvet jackets and caps highly ornamented with gold lace. The men are peculiarly well formed, having been selected and trained in Europe with special reference to their "build" and the extra size of their "calves." Their livery is imported at a cost of about $1,000 a suit, and the cost of the whole affair may be conjectured when I state that the horses are valued at $25,000, the carriage at $5,000, and the harness and other trappings at $3,000. When the royal *cortége* makes its appearance on the avenue with the democratic prince in full costume, all other vehicles instinctively give way, as though the occupant was indeed a "crowned head." The stables of his democratic majesty are said to contain some forty horses, valued at $1,000 to $8,000 each.

## THE GREAT MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS

Translated from Spanish Journals.

"SPAIN TO CHRISTOBAL COLON"
(COLUMBUS.)

The above are the words on the great monument that Spain is about to erect to the memory of one of her greatest sons.

The statue is to be erected at the Straits of Gibraltar, and will be fifty metres in height. A great globe of stone will form the base of it, with the words "*plus ultra.*"

The relief of these words will form a ramp or ledge, at the foot of the rear facade of the pedestal, running up by the interior of it, and by the left side of the statue. This ramp begins in the rear part of the globe, resting on a landing place fifteen metres square, which has on each side a slab holding up great lions of bronze. Morticed in the globe at a certain height there is a marble tablet, with this inscription upon it in gilt bronze letters:

"Spain to CHRISTOBAL COLON.
In the reign of ISABEL II,
18—"

On the front facade of the pedestal, on which COLUMBUS rests the inner tips of the four fingers and thumb of his left hand, is seen the coat of arms of the Catholic Kings. On the exterior lateral front are the attributes of these monarchs; and on the rear side, this inscription:

"To CASTILE and LEON,
A new world gave COLON—
In the reign of Queen ISABEL II.
12th Oct., 1492.

The statue of COLUMBUS has the face turned toward the earth, with the arm and hand of the right side extended toward the ocean, as if saying "You can go farther." The attitude is dignified; and on the forehead of the famous Genoese shines genius—faith in the idea—and the force of perseverance to realize it.

THE FIRST TURNPIKE IN ENGLAND.—Exactly five hundred years have elapsed since a hermit, weary of the labor of having nothing to do, and tired of sitting the dull day through, by the side of the stone which supported the sun-dial in front of St. Anthony's Chapel, on Highgate-hill—that stone which subsequently became known at Whittington's—resolved to mend the ways between the summit of the hill and the lower part of the vale ending in Islington. This hermit was a man of some means, and he devoted them to bringing gravel from the top of the hill and laying it all along the unclean track which then, as now, bore the name of "Hollow Way." By digging out gravel he gave a pond to the folk on the hill, where it was greatly needed; and he contributed cleanliness and security to the vale, where neither had hitherto been known.

Travellers blessed the hermit who had turned constructor of highways; the pilgrims to St. Anthony's found their access to the shrine of the saint made easy and pleasant by him; and as for the beneficent hermit himself, his only regret was that, in accomplishing this meritorious act for the good of his fellow-men, he had entirely exhausted all his fortune. The king, however, came to the rescue. He set up a toll-bar, and published a decree addressed to "our well-beloved William Phelippe, the hermit," that he and the public might know wherefore.

The king declared that he highly appreciated the motive which had induced the hermit to benefit "our people passing through the highway between Heghgate and Smethfield, in many places notoriously miry and deep." And in order that the new way might be maintained and kept in repair, the king licensed the hermit to take toll, and keep the road in order, and himself in comfort and dignity. This was the first road-bar erected in England, and William Phelippe, the hermit, was the father of the race of turnpike keepers.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A LETTER FROM HAWTHORNE.—Ik Marvel in his last "Atlantic Wet-Weather" paper, thus instances the author of "Twice Told Tales."

I cannot help interpolating in the interest of my readers a little fragment of a letter addressed to me within the year by the lamented Hawthorne: "I remember long ago your speaking prospectively of a farm; but I never dreamed of your being really much more of a farmer than myself, whose efforts in that line only make me the father of a progeny of weeds in a garden patch. I have about twenty-five acres of land, seventeen of which are a hill of sand and gravel, wooded with birches, locusts, and pitch pines, and apparently incapable of any other growth; so that I have great comfort in that part of my territory. The other eight acres are said to be the best land in Concord, and they have made me miserable, and would soon have ruined me, if I had not determined nevermore to attempt raising anything from them. So there they lie along the roadside, within their broken fence, an eye-sore to me, and a laughing-stock to all the neighbors. If it were not for the difficulty of transportation by express or otherwise, I would thankfully give you those eight acres."

And now the fine, nervous hand, which wrought with such strange power and beauty, is stilled forever! The eight acres can well lie neglected; for upon a broader field, as large as humanity, and at the hands of thousands of reapers who have worked for love, he has gathered in a great harvest of *immortelles.*—*Atlantic Monthly for September.*

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